THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1918

THE war is over!

We can forget the horrors of the battlefield, and once more turn our attention to the gentle pursuits of peace—and art.

The new year will be a bright one for the American drama. With audiences eager to forget the horrors of strife, with authors and players freshly stimulated for a new outlook on life, we may look forward to some rare treats in 1919.

Get in the swing! Keep up with the times! Join our merry throng of playgoers by reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

WHY are they actors?

They could just as well have been anything else. So Zoe Beckley says in her article in the January issue.

She will tell you about stage people who can do other things than act. Some can write or sculp or paint or sing or dance or sew or "do" interiors.

Learn just what your favorite player's accomplishments in other fields of endeavor are, by reading the next issue.

THE real romances of life are more thrilling than those of fiction. The stage is full of real romance—affairs the outer world seldom hears of.

Not so long ago a beautiful young girl took Broadway by storm. She was the favorite actress of the hour. Men and women raved about her.

Suddenly she disappeared without any apparent reason. And a few days later— But it is too interesting to tell here.

Read this remarkable episode of stage life in the January THEATRE MAGAZINE.

HOW far is a playwright justified in deceiving his audience to the plot of the play?

Should the auditor be let into a stage situation not yet perceived by the *dramatis personae?*

This is an interesting question which the most famous dramatic critics have often discussed. A new angle is given to the controversy by Richard Burton, the well-known president of the Drama League.

His article is in the next number!

WOULD you like to have a "personality picture" of your favorite player?

We don't guarantee that it will always be a flattering one—but it will be true.

In the next issue we shall give you an intimate interview of Tavie Belge, the first of a series giving color pictures of personality.

WHO is Farfariello? You never heard of him, did you? We never did until we went down to the Bowery and saw audiences in the Italian quarter go wild over their famous compatriot.

Carl Van Vechten, in the next number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, tells all about this remarkable artist who like a novelist goes to the people himself for his inspiration.

His characters are all typical Italian figures of America, not the Italians of Naples, Venice or Rome.

Read about Farfariello and see his pictures in the January number.

THE opera and music season is launched.

The expensive songbirds have begun to warble.

If you want to keep posted on the events of the musical world, follow Pierre V. R. Key's article each month in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the January issue.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 214. DECEMBER, 1918

From a portrait by Baker Art Gallery

ROBERT B. MANTELL AS RICHELIEU

One of the few survivors of the classic actors, Mr. Mantell is appearing in Shakespeare and other plays at the 44th Street Theatre

THANK GOD FOR THE PLAYER FOLK

A GREAT Economist looked up from his dry tomes to remark that all people could not share in the burden of the war. "Take, for example," he said, "the Player-Folk, they of the mummer's mask; from the very nature of their light calling they can have no part in helping in the Titanic struggle for World Liberty."

YET, as the words rolled redundantly from his tongue, a soldier, who but a short time before had been one of our Player-Folk, was carrying the great Economist's wounded son from the battlefield amid a murderous hail of bullets.

STILL another son of this book-wise man, just back from the grim struggle in the muddy shambles of No-Man's-Land for a brief and hard-earned respite, was indulging in his first relaxed smile, his first care-free laugh in many days, as he sat with his comrades at an entertainment in a shell-demolished town, within enemy artillery fire, given by one of the many volunteer bands of our Player-Folk.

THE great Economist could not see beyond the Books from which he garnered Theories; the Player-Folk who deal in Facts garnered from Life have a clear vision enabling them to Carry On to Victory.

ASK of our two million men Over There what of they of the "Mummer's Mask" and the response will come in mighty chorus:

THANK God for the Player-Folk!"

HUNDREDS of our Player-Folk who performed for our amusement nightly before the footlights, to the sweet music of great applause, have played their last part for Freedom out in the dim, gas-choked, smoke-clouded stage of war, unsung and unapplauded. These Player-Folk who put aside their gaudy panoply of a Mimic World for the dull panoply of a World at War, now sleep beneath the snows of France.

THOUSANDS of our Player-Folk, accustomed to every luxury, have been tirelessly journeying up and down those Sad-lands of tortured France to bring cheer to the hearts of our boys; have been undergoing hardships, weariness, exposure and discomforts that, in peace times, no money could tempt them to risk, that some of the homesickness, sordidness and grimness of war that is the soldiers' burden, might be lightened.

WHAT of the Player-Folk over there? They have emptied their purses, aye, and pledged their jewels, for Liberty Bonds; they have worked ceaselessly throughout each issue in organizing drives that have netted greater sales for them, pro rata, than any other group or body. Day after day and night after night they have given their talents and then their services as salesmen and saleswomen until they have inspired millions to purchase. And these same Player-Folk serve in every other possible way, with the Red Cross, with all the great and helpful branches where it has been possible for them to help.

DAILY do we scan our Nation's Roll of Honor and find thereon the name of this man or that who has made the Supreme Sacrifice, and we exclaim: "He's the Actor! Don't you remember? We saw him not so long ago in that new production."

THE work and sacrifice of the Player-Folk, they who trod the boards and they of the theatre-owners and producers, has been of value beyond computing. From money, personal services, use of theatres to a part in the actual combat, they served from the beginning.

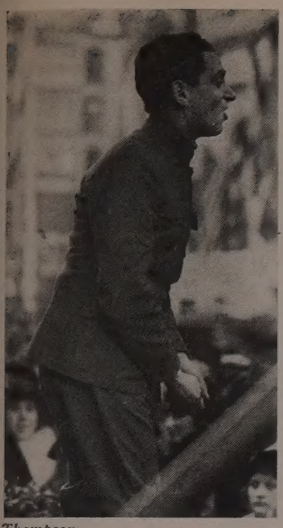
AT Cantigny, Bois de Belleau, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and wherever the Stars and Stripes have gone on and on, now stand wooden crosses that mark the resting place of they who, from the American Stage not so long ago, commanded our tears and our smiles—the Player-Folk.

AT this Christmastide—this Season of Giving—it is good to bring to mind that our Player-Folk have been giving from the beginning; giving of their leisure, their comforts, their services, their money, their lives!

MEN and women alike of the Great Craft have been giving such as it was given to them to give, without stint and with gladness in their great hearts, that this Natal Day of Him who made the Supreme Sacrifice for the Brotherhood of Man should not lose its meaning, should not be crushed into oblivion beneath the spurred and crimsoned heel of despotism, but should prevail always for mankind.

THANK God for the Player-Folk.

LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE.



Thompson

Irving Berlin singing *"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"*

© *Underwood & Underwood*

Geraldine Farrar (on the left) opened the Liberty Bond campaign on the steps of the Treasury in Washington. President Wilson's daughter has just purchased a bond from her. Mr. McAdoo is turning his back from sheer modesty

© *Underwood & Underwood*

Julia Marlowe reciting *"The Road to France"* in front of the Public Library

Thompson

Alice Fischer and Grace George selling bonds in the Liberty Theatre, at the Public Library

The Littlest Theatre in the world, conducted by the Stage Women's War Relief. It travels on a motor truck, and raised nearly $100,000 every week of the Liberty Loan Drive

Elsie Ferguson, who raised $85,000 within fifteen minutes, Howard Chandler Christy and Jane Cowl

Thompson

Harrison Fisher, the artist, and Ray Cox, the untiring Chairman of the Liberty Theatre, and to whom much of the success of the work is due

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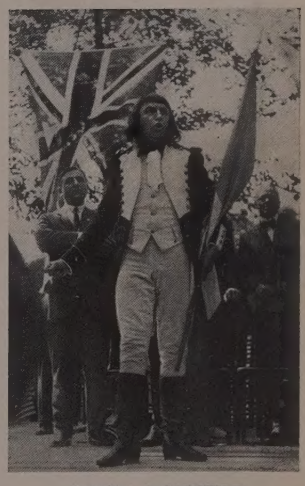
E. H. Sothern telling the crowds of his overseas experiences in front of the Liberty Theatre

J. T. POWERS

This is the Powers smile after he had totaled up his Liberty Bond sales



LEON ROTHIER

Of the Metropolitan Opera, singing the *Marseillaise* on the steps of the Sub Treasury, New York, in the costume of Rouget de Lisle

NOTABLE STAGE WORKERS IN THE RECENT GREAT LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE

BACK FROM THE TRENCHES

A popular actress sent "over there" tells interesting stories direct from the firing line

By IRENE FRANKLIN

THERE is one thing we must give this great war credit for. Not only has it brought the Church and Stage together—but the Church is paying the Stage two dollars a day to work for it. That noble salary and your expenses are paid by the Over There Theatre League and the Y. M. C. A. to all entertainers who will go to France and help our boys by bringing a breath of home to the trenches.

I went "over there" fully realizing the hardships to be endured. There are plenty of them. One needs more than one's normal strength to cope with it all. You are always cold, usually hungry, invariably dirty, very tired, mostly voiceless, but by gosh you're happy!

The hardest thing on the journey was having to carry everything for one's self, for there are no porters or bell boys in France. When fully equipped for the road I carried one suit case, one roll-up containing bedding and blankets, one canteen, one raincoat, one heavy overcoat, one tin helmet and one gas mask. Mr. Green wore the same costume with the addition of a music case.

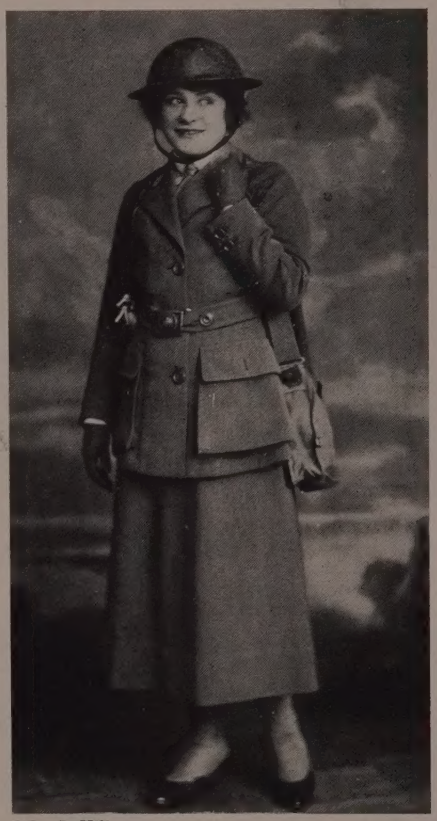
On our way over, all the men passengers kept watch eight hours in every twenty-four, doing double duty in the danger zone. My husband (Burton Green) was on extra watch from twelve to four for three nights, and was looking forward to a real night's sleep with his clothes off and everything—but the Captain ordered all passengers to sleep fully dressed and on deck if possible, whereupon Bertie riz up and said that he for one would sleep in his bunk and his pajamas. He was a tired man.

WATCHING for U-boats is a very strenuous duty and involves a great sense of responsibility. The nights are pitch black, there are no lights, and no smoking is allowed. Keeping close watch is a matter of life and death. And with that Bertie gently but firmly retired. I pleaded with him, warned him of our danger, reminded him tearfully that we had children, but to no purpose. He turned in. I retired to the upper deck with a life preserver and it rained on me from eleven P. M. till three A. M.—the wettest rain. At three I decided that I would rather be torpedoed downstairs than soaked to a pulp on deck. I went downstairs at three-thirty and found Burton snoring peacefully in the lower berth. I climbed into the upper berth and fell asleep. The next thing I remember was "Bang!" I was sure our boat had been torpedoed.

I made the upper deck in one leap, and left poor Bertie struggling in the dark trying to get into lace boots, puttees and his uniform. Up on deck the sight was awful. They had sunk one sister ship three hundred yards on our right. The destroyers were racing to get the U-boat, dropping depth bombs as they fairly flew over the water. They claimed we got the U-boat. But I'm sure it must have been Burton's language that scared it away.

We saw the big ship sink at four o'clock in the morning. The rain was beating down, and it was a terrible sight. Isn't it just like the Hun to pick out a rainy night to attack people? During the rest of the trip we slept on deck with our clothes on, until we arrived at Liverpool.

When we got to the hotel we discovered that Bertie had brought but one suit case—that one his own, a pleasant prospect for a woman who had slept for three nights in a tailored suit. I refused firmly to go to bed and demanded *the* pair of pajamas and Bertie made a neat speech and presented them to me. Once a gentleman always a gentleman. On disrobing, Bertie found he had a pair of pajamas, too. The pair he had on the night of the torpedoing—the poor boy hadn't had his clothes off since. In his haste, he had put his other clothes on top of them and had been wearing them for five days.



© Ira L. Hill

IRENE FRANKLIN
In the costume she wore "over there"

"Didn't you feel stuffy?" I asked.

"No," he chuckled, "I thought I was getting fat."

AT last we got to France. I sang wherever there was a piano, and anywhere from a cathedral to a roadside.

One day we suddenly came upon hundreds of soldiers enjoying that rare treat—a swim in the river. Naturally, bathing suits were conspicuous by their absence. From the point of view of the proprieties, it was a critical moment, but we saved the situation by turning our backs to the river, and I started singing a comic song. Immediately, the boys scrambled out of the water, donned their uniforms, and gathered around. I sang to them for about an hour and when I finished, the cook, who was preparing lunch, came up to me and said: "I'm sorry we haven't any flowers to present to you, but take this instead." He held out a can of peaches!

And the cheers and applause that greet every song and dance! The reception I received was certainly the most wonderful in my life. The tumultuous applause that greets the stage favorite on Broadway the night of a successful première is nothing compared to the reception given to the strolling player who goes "Over there." Three thousand miles from home, caked with the mud of No Man's Land, the boys are ravenous for entertainment. A soldier, on seeing a woman from his own country, is satisfied merely to look at her. One came up to me one day and said: "Are you an American?" When I answered in the affirmative, he said: "My God! Lady, can I talk to you?"

OFTEN when I was singing a comic song, I would see tears welling up in the eyes of some boy. No doubt he was recalling the time when he took his girl or mother to see my act in the U. S. A. Then the boys around him, catching his emotion, would look sad and thoughtful. That was the time I tried hardest to make them laugh. The boys do not want to be "entertained." They do not want the passé lady with three chins who tremelos *"My Little Grey Home in the West"* and *"Mother I've Come Home to Die"* at them. They want a real show, with costumes, wigs and grease-paint. I always wore my *"Red Head"* romper, no matter how deep the mud was, or how my bare knees shivered in the cold. Then, too, it is a severe tax on the voice singing in all kinds of weather out-of-doors.

Ours was not a *de luxe* tour. We had no motor cars and had to travel in the overcrowded, badly ventilated French trains. It is nothing to stand five or six hours in a train before reaching a destination. We gave the seats to the soldiers. They needed the rest more than we did.

It is hard to be a charmer by day and a laundress by night. But I had to do all my own washing—and in cold water, too. There is no laundry soap, either. In France I came to the conclusion that there may be worst laundresses in the world than I, but I don't know of any.

Our menus, too, were not very comforting. For breakfast there was a bowl of black coffee, no milk or sugar. There was war bread, but no butter. Sometimes an egg. To show the progress some of our American boys are making with the French language, I asked one of them what he says when he wants to order an egg?

"Euf, for one egg," he replied.

"And when you want two eggs?"

"Euf, euf," he barked.

The good food is all at the first line trenches—which is as it should be. That's where you can trace all the steaks and other goodies we have missed since the war began. Everything is for the soldiers and the children. After breakfast we usually gave a performance, and after lunch another performance. Dinner we mostly missed.

From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

KAY LAURELL

This attractive young actress, whose beauty and dignity of bearing fits well into patriotic scenes has impersonated in turn at the "Follies" and "Midnight Frolic,"—"France," "Italy," and the "United States." Her poses are always inspiring and artistic. She has been a most ardent and successful worker for the Fourth Liberty Loan and will be seen shortly on the legitimate stage

Dinner in France is at seven and we were usually an hour's ride from the hotel in some camp giving a show at that time. If the Y. M. C. A. hut held but one thousand men, and there were three thousand men in the camp, we gave the show three times. This was our program: Mr. Green presided at the piano. He would make a short speech telling the boys who we were and what we were going to do for their entertainment. Then he would play an overture. Corinne Francis and Tony Hunting would play a comedy sketch with songs. Miss Francis has a very lovely voice and was a great favorite. Then I sang as many songs as the boys called for—wearing my prettiest frock. Miss Francis and Mr. Hunting would then appear in another sketch, Miss Francis singing, playing the banjo, and Mr. Hunting dancing. And, oh, how those boys loved that dancing. Meanwhile I had made a change of costume to my rompers and sandals and sang *"Red Head"* and a group of my baby songs. That concluded our performance of one hour and a half. If a show was scheduled for 7.30 you could be sure that the boys would be there at five. Such eagerness, such enthusiasm! It was a joy just to see their faces.

We could have gone to Paris and been entertained royally. But we were there to amuse the boys who were at the front or were soon to be there. That is what we did.

Probably I am the only woman who has been in the trenches at St. Mihiel and Verdun.

In France every time you turn around you have to give your name and age to someone. I believe everyone on the other side knows my name and age. As you get up "front," there is less and less demand to see your papers, the theory being that if you have succeeded in getting that far, you must be all right.

We went to Verdun—that beautiful town that was once so lovely—and now there isn't one house with four walls.

On top of the hill is the Cathedral.

We went up to the high altar. The keeper, keenly interested in us, asked us who we were. In my best Mt. Vernon French I told him that we were artists from America and had come to entertain the boys.

He was enchanted. He, too, was an artist. Before the war he had sung comic songs: Would not Madame sing for him. So at the High Altar, in the cathedral at Verdun, I sang *"Red Head."*

"Would it be possible for Madame to dance, too?"

Tony Hunting had that honor, and he executed a buck dance much to the delight of the Frenchman. How could the keeper show his appreciation? What souvenirs would we have?

Having gone over as an entertainer and not as a souvenir hunter, I told him that we would not take anything. Surely he took us for Huns. But he was insistent. We must have the hat of the beadle of the village with all the splendor of its gold braid, and his stole must go with it. Nothing else would do.

So back in Mt. Vernon is the beadle's hat. Looking at it, I firmly believe that it must have been worn by the last fifty beadles of Verdun and never cleaned by one.

* * *

In a train one day a soldier in the uniform of the Lafayette Escadrille invited me to take his seat. In my best French I refused. But he showed by his gestures that he was insistent. Not a word did he speak—only the most eloquent and graceful movements of shoulders and hands. The original Monsieur Alphonse! I thought to myself. Still in my best French, I repeated that I preferred him to remain seated. But my pleadings were in vain. I capitulated, and he paced up and down the corridor on the train. After riding a couple of hours I got out, and he, courteously, assisted me in alighting, removing my baggage and all. I was astounded. Never had I seen anyone so courteous—not even a Frenchman—to one not an acquaintance.

"Merci, monsieur," I said with my most fetching smile.

"You're welcome," said he in perfect Yankee. "I'm delighted to be of service to you, Miss Franklin. I'm one of your admirers from Waterbury, Conn."

Some three years ago a German Artillery officer ordered his men to shell a French town at four-thirty and forgot to tell them to stop, and "Jerry," as the Americans call him, in his methodical way, continues to shell it every day at that time. This makes it very simple for the inhabitants who go some place else at tea time.

When we reached the place we took a piano on a truck and made our way to a nearby hill. The Hippodrome will never thrill me again after what I saw there—three thousand boys marching in from the trenches, with full equipment on their backs. How eager I was to sing for those brave lads So I put on a bright blue stage dress—they are tired of seeing uniforms, and love nothing so much as to see fluffy, feminine costumes—and the entertainment started. Immediately the "whirr, whirr" of a German airplane. Fritz had started his favorite afternoon sport. He was flying at a high altitude, and no doubt could not distinguish the khaki of the boys amid the landscape, but that bright colored dress of mine must have attracted him, for he kept us company during the (*Concluded on page* 382)

WHEN FROHMAN DID "WILDCATTING"

An interesting reminiscence of the famous manager's early stage beginnings

By EDWARD E. KIDDER

SOME years ago—oh, yes, quite some—I was managing Lotta, the best character comedienne we ever had, the most pleasant "star" that one could be associated with, and the then richest actress in the world. At Minneapolis and St. Paul we were playing—as usual—to "standing room only" and I made for Milwaukee to stir things up a little. En route, we stopped at a small Wisconsin town, where a stoutish young man with a pleasant face and a heavy bundle of theatrical printing entered the car. He dropped his burden, with a gasp of relief, on the seat opposite mine and sank wearily beside it.

Then he beamed at me.

"Hello Ed."

I shook hands, knew the face, but couldn't recall the name.

He said:

"My brother Dan introduced us in New York last summer. I'm Charley Frohman."

Of course!

We shook hands again and chatted as the train bumped on. He knew what "star" I represented—I wonder what he didn't know, even in those early days?—and said:

"A fine artiste and a fine lady! How I'd like to manage some one of that calibre!"

Oh if his keen but kindly eyes could have pierced the future and viewed himself the reigning monarch in the Kingdom of Thespis!

"I'm with the Georgia Minstrels," he said. "Dan, Gus and I are all interested and doing pretty well."

I asked about his route.

"No route this week," he replied with a grin. "A 'week stand' went back on us and I've got to fill it in—'hurry call'—I'm wildcatting."

"Wildcatting?"

"Yes, I'm a few days ahead of the show and picking out towns as I go along. My bill trunk is in the baggage car but"—pointing to his bundle—"I keep enough paper out for emergencies."

We stopped at a small town and "ten minutes for luncheon" emptied the car.

"Come on, Charley," I said and led the way to the refreshment room.

But while I was endeavoring to masticate the concrete biscuits and leather-cased pie, I could see no sign of my friend.

Hastening back to the train with my eye on the conductor—you'll never be left if you do that—Frohman dashed past me—dashed into the car, seized his bundle of printing and leaped out, all excitement.

"I stop over here, Ed," he exclaimed. "This town hasn't had a show for three months and they're all minstrel mad. I interviewed twenty leading merchants in ten minutes and they're all ready to fall on my neck."

I congratulated him.

He shouldered the bundle and said:

"I'll advertise to-day and show night after tomorrow. I bet we'll play to four hundred dollars. There's no bill-poster, but I can do it all myself."

I saw him again years after at his Empire Theatre here, where he accepted a play of mine, while a dozen theatrical magnates waited his pleasure in the ante-room. A speculator? An accident? Absurd! He knew his business thoroughly and though afterward occupying the "state room de luxe" he "came up from the forecastle" as the sailors say, "and didn't climb in the cabin windows!"

It is over three years since he met his tragic death and it will be hard to find his equal in kindliness, generosity and ability.

Boom on, oh cruel, foaming sea,
Shriek hideous missle crashing through,
With all your power you cannot kill
Our memories of the man we knew!

Photos White Charles Webster E. Lyall Swete
Thomas à Becket discusses with Henry II the institution of Trial by Jury and brings the monarch to his knees

SCENE IN THE PATRIOTIC PAGEANT "FREEDOM" AT THE CENTURY

Eleanor Painter and Joseph Lertora in the musical comedy success "Glorianna" at the Liberty

Mary Nash and Willard Mack in an exciting moment in "The Big Chance" at the 48th Street Theatre

BROADWAY OFFERS PLAYS TO SUIT ALL TASTES

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

THE "MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ

By Donald Brian

Donald Brian

WHEN we began to rehearse "The Merry Widow" no one thought very much of the famous waltz. They thought it would be good, but nothing extraordinary. After we had rehearsed a while I began to realize that that waltz was my big chance—the chance I had been praying for. I didn't say anything about it. I was afraid I might be wrong or that something might happen—I didn't know what. I just kept quiet and danced my very best.

At last the big night came—the night we produced the piece at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York. I was sure then that I was right—that that waltz was going to give me my chance. Maybe the others knew it, too. I don't know. They didn't say anything to me. Afraid of making me nervous, perhaps.

I don't know how I played the early scenes. I was thinking about the waltz all the time. "Steady, now," I'd whisper to myself. Then I'd go on. I was just waiting—waiting to hear the waltz music. Two or three years after the performance began it came.

The next thing I heard was the applause. That was my big moment.

WHEN I WAS BROKE AND HUNGRY

By Mitzi

Mitzi

THE day I landed in New York piled episodes one upon another and all of them seemed to be striking hammer blows at my conceit and comfort.

After my contract to come to this country had been made I had grown to believe that America was awaiting me eagerly. There would have been no surprise on my part, after what I had been told, if the Mayor in official regalia and his committee had met me at the wharf. Instead of ceremony, however, only an office clerk met me and rushed me to an enormous hotel in a cab that pinched my finger in its haste to get me inside, explaining that my new manager had been called from town and would see me on his return in several days.

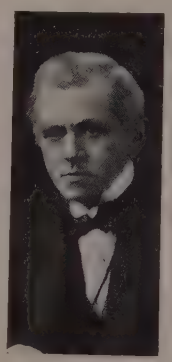
For three days I stayed in my suite on the fourteenth floor of the hotel, almost fearing to look out lest I be dizzy and always afraid a storm might blow the building over. I did not dare to go out or even down to the hotel restaurant lest my management should call and not find me.

And, worst of all, I went hungry. I had plunged into every betting pool there was on board ship, as has many a youngster traveling alone for the first time, and when I walked down the gang-plank to my expected reception I had but two little dollars left. So at the hotel I picked out the cheapest thing I could buy and yet give my necessary "little present" to the waiter, so I had just three meals in those three days, not knowing I might have charged my meals on my hotel bill, and each meal was made up entirely of eggs and bread and butter—there was no charge for bread in those days. I did not "care for coffee thank you."

Then the "striking" ended and the kindly pats commenced. The manager came and I have since been enabled to learn that America has many things to eat besides eggs.

"AND THE BLIND SHALL SEE"

By David Warfield



David Warfield

ONE night a few years ago the most wonderful girl in the world sat in a box in the Belasco Theatre and witnessed my performance in "The Auctioneer." At first glance, she did not look different from any other well-bred, modishly gowned young woman whom, conventionally chaperoned, one may count by the score in the fashionable metropolitan theatre audiences. Apparently no one recognized her, nor realized that she who responded so readily both to the comedy and pathos saw and heard it all, not through the avenue of normal sense, of physical sight and sound, but by those spiritual antennæ the development of which has made Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, the marvel of the Age.

Later, in the Belasco Green Room, Miss Keller displayed her greatest virtuosity. When she grasped my outstretched hand, in her clear treble voice she said:

"Oh, Mr. Warfield, this is certainly shaking hands with a ghost. Ah, how I did love you in 'The Return of Peter Grimm.' I wish that I might see you in that play once again. You don't know, you cannot know, what Peter Grimm meant to me who have all my life striven to hear and be heard out of the darkness just as your spirit did when it came back to earth. Ah, I can hear you yet, crying: 'Hear me! Hear me! Hear me!' How often I have cried that same cry, through how many weary years, and then God did hear me at last, and now you see I can speak. I can speak before a great audience, and they can hear me speak. That seems to me the most marvelous thing in the world—that I can frame a thought into words, utter those words and have another human being hear them. You as Peter Grimm broke the very bonds of Death, or that thing which mortal man calls death, in order that those you loved might hear you. I have broken the bonds of something quite as inexorable as death in order that I might speak to those I love. So when I sat watching that great play, watching and praying that you might at last be heard, it was with a sympathy which I believe I was able to give you as no one else could."

I was now inarticulate. My eyes, were now misty with tears as I looked at the happy radiant face beside me. I now was blind and the deaf girl saw and felt those tears and quickly changed the subject by asking another question which sent me first into a fit of consternation, then laughter:

"Oh, Mr. Warfield, won't you please say it again: That 'What's the matter mit you? Are you sitting on something?' I want to laugh all over again. It was so funny." And once more the finger tips were lifted to my lips.

TOO MUCH REALISM

By Emmett Corrigan

Emmett Corrigan

THE most striking episode in my life was in vaudeville, several years ago, when I put on a condensed version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Just before the climax, if you remember the plot, the villain swallows a glass of poison which kills him. The stage properties were always arranged so that the poison glass, which shed liquid fire, was replaced at the psychological moment by a dummy glass of plain water.

One night when I reached this scene, I discovered that the dummy glass had been forgotten. It happened that I had myself bought the contents of the poison glass, and the chemist had told me the mixture was deadly. But the whole point of the play would have been lost if I hadn't swallowed something; so, mechanically I drained the glass.

There were still three minutes to be played before the curtain and I began to wonder if my stage death at the end might not be an actual double event. I managed to get near the wings and whisper to a stage hand, "Call a doctor, quick"—then I went on with the play. I was in the most intense pain; it seemed that my very eyes were popping out of my head.

Now I have faced death before and since; but never has the Great Adventure seemed so agonizing or so ghastly as during those three minutes. My soul and body seemed to disintegrate with horrifying results. I felt all the pangs of the self-murderer—only I seemed to suffer doubly, for a voluntary as well as an involuntary deed.

By the time the curtain fell, a doctor was at my side, and eventually I came to consciousness. The manager of the theatre, much concerned, asked me why I had been so absurd. "But the play!" I reminded him. "Drat the play!" scoffed the manager. "Well, the audience!" said I. "Hang the audience!" he shouted. "No play and no audience in the world are worth a man's facing death."

But every day of the calendar, some actor—oftener in motion pictures, perhaps, than on the stage—deliberately faces death for his play and his audience. Is it foolish? Ah, well! At least it proves the actor's love of his Art.

From a photograph by George R. King

GABRIELLE GILLS

This distinguished French lyric soprano, of the Paris Opera House, came to the United States recently to further the propaganda of French music. Noted for her interpretations of the classic and modern composers, Mme. Gills sang the *Marseillaise* during the recent Liberty Loan drive and has also been heard at her own recitals

MY HERO

By VERA BLOOM

JUST as successive stages of fireman, policeman, and detective worship give a healthy boy more grit and determination than anything else in his life, so the normal girl needs sieges of Donald-Brianism, Warwick-trouble, Fairbanks-fever, and Shelley-Hullitis.

The first sends her to dancing school, the second to romantic literature, the third to a vigorous outdoor life, while a few doses of Shelley Hull usually develop a sweet, unselfish romanticism. A course in hero-worship offers as good an all-around equipment as half the finishing schools promise in their circulars.

For the matinée-girl's adoration is never a *grande passion,* even if she thinks it is. With a slight qualm of conscience she will transfer her superlatives and theatre-money from one leading man to another, with an enthusiasm that never even gets rough at the edges from so much wear. She absolutely refuses to be disillusioned. She sees only the heroic glamour around Prince Charming, and providing his boots are good-looking, nothing will make her admit the feet inside are plain human clay. She refuses to accept romance as a business, to be put on with his make-up and forgotten with the fall of the curtain. She likes to think of every love-scene as palpitating and real. One of the most poignant possible tragedies would be to take a matinée girl to a rehearsal and let her see romance evolve from the sweat of the brow and not from the call of the heart.

There is the greatest difference in the same play seen at an evening performance and then at a matinée. At the first you get the real point of the play itself; at the matinée you only see the story as it affects the hero, unless you can withstand the driving psychological power of all those worshipping minds. The two audiences rise to entirely different situations, they see absolutely different points to every speech. The unromantically humorous passes unheeded in the afternoon, but the hero's every gallant action is greeted with murmurs of approval. There is such a response of sighs and exclamations from a Chauncey Olcott audience, that it's actually hard to concentrate on what's happening on the stage. Every play has a Jekyll and Hyde, or matinée and evening existence, and one is hardly recognizable from the other.

So the leading man not the male star—whom the matinée-perspective makes the most important object on the stage, is often only an annoying necessity to the evening audience. The anti-

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Captain Robert Warwick, U. S. A., a matinée idol, now a hero in real life

hero worshipers are as prejudiced against him as his followers are for him, but both try to keep the poor man from being a human being off the stage. One would be heartbroken if he were, the others don't believe he could be! As fate will have it, he usually is. For romance is his profession. The sternest man knows how to relax—toward matinée-idolism, when the matinée idol relaxes he becomes, by way of contrast, quiet and business-like.

It is only the poor actor who looks "theatrical" on the street, just as it is only the poor artist who looks "artistic." If they can't attract attention in an honest way through their work, they naturally turn to the next means of grotesque clothes and gestures to let the public know while they're not working what kind of work they do! But the famous actor is glad to pass unheeded through his inconspicuous appearance.

Hero-worship is ninety per cent. glamour and one-tenth enthusiasm. That is why even a casual, well-meant introduction will usually take the scales of adoration from a matinée girl's eyes forever. It is like a little girl finding her doll is made of saw-dust, for a bigger girl to find her hero is less romantic than the boy next door. So perhaps it is in unconscious defence of her illusions that she avoids any personal contact, for her imagination, being young and unexhausted, can give him every attribute her ideal hero would possess.

But the more courageous of the matinée maidens will write—after a hundred secret discussions and corrections—for the boon of "having one of your photographs for my very, very own!" The others wait, until their favorite consents to autograph pictures for anyone who pays. The girl always pays!

The average young girl wants a picture of Shelley Hull or William Courtenay. The type of woman to whom theatre-going is a serious, once-a-year affair is still true to Sothern, and the intellectual type will admit to a longing for a picture of Arnold Daly. The frivolous type always wants the popular dancer of the moment. But I have yet to see a woman who has ever been to a theatre whom you can't probe to a secret fondness for some actor. And the matinée girl somehow feels that her interest in him alone gives her the right to be either personally pleased or displeased at whatever details of his private life she discovers in her tireless search of the dramatic columns.

If he is married, she hunts as eagerly for stray scraps of information about his wife. "Do you mean you've seen *Mrs.* ———?" is one of the most awestruck questions a hero-worshiper can ask you. And—but this is *entre-nous*—I've even known some of them to tear up a bachelor-hero's picture on his wedding day!

So every season there is a toast of the teacups, just as there is a toast of the cocktails.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By HAROLD SETON

For Elsie Janis:—A chameleon.
For Eddie Foy:—A rabbit.
For Julia Sanderson:—A dove.
For Billie Burke:—A kitten.
For John Drew:—A tailor's dummy.
For Kitty Gordon:—A chest-protector.
For John Mason:—An alarm-clock.
For Eva Tanguay:—A straight-jacket.
For the Dolly Sisters:—Two waltzing-mice.
For Houdini:—An eel.
For Theda Bara:—A fox.
For Annette Kellermann:—A gold-fish.
For Galli-Curci:—A nightingale.
For Al Jolson:—A crow.
For Valeska Suratt:—A bat.
For Charlie Chaplin:—A goat.
For Mary Pickford:—A cash-register.
For Douglas Fairbanks:—A jumping-jack.
For Gaby Deslys:—A jewel-casket.
For David Belasco:—A clerical collar.
For Henrietta Crosman:—A pot of forget-me-knots.
For Leon Errol:—A bottle of hair-restorer.
For Ruth St. Denis:—Three new spangles.
For Emma Dunn:—A sachet of sweet lavender.
For Lenore Ulric:—A magnet.
For Ina Claire:—A bit of Dresden china.
For George Arliss:—A dry-point etching.
For Leo Ditrichstein:—Richard Mansfield's shoes.
For Stuart Walker:—A new portmanteau.
For Willie Collier:—A jester's bauble.
For Otis Skinner:—A bust of David Garrick.
For Mrs. Fiske:—A bust of Sarah Siddons.
For E. H. Sothern:—A bust of William Shakespeare.
For Ethel Barrymore:—A box of cough-drops.
For Margaret Anglin:—A Græcian vase.
For Nat Goodwin:—A copy of the marriage service inscribed on parchment.
For Lillian Russell:—The presidency of the Ponce de Leon Society.
For David Warfield:—A gold loving-cup.
For Irene Bordoni:—A French flag.
For Enrico Caruso:—An Italian flag.
For George M. Cohan:—An American flag.
For the General Public:—A year's subscription to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN

Miss St. Denis' dancer-husband has given up his terpsichorean activities at Denishawn to serve the U. S. A.

CLARKE SILVERNAIL

With Mlle. Fallet, a French violiniste and her mother, somewhere in France. Mr. Silvernail, who went over as a volunteer at the outbreak of the war, is doing great work as a hospital aide and also getting up shows for the boys. Recently this comedian produced "Officer 666" with great success

JOAN OF ARC

A Pageant Play by
Thomas Wood Stevens

Produced at Domremy
Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association
By John Craig, Mary Young, the Craig Players and Men of the American Expeditionary Force

FRANCE

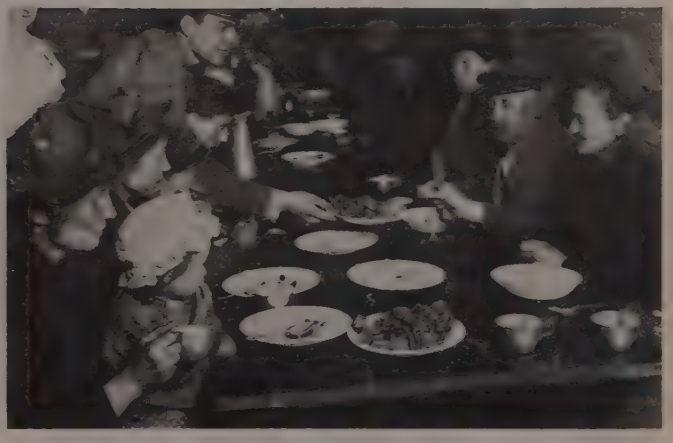
My children, when you hear the sound of guns,
And see across the northern sky the fires,
And know that France's enemies have struck
Once more to quench the spirit that lives in her
Burns upward from our soil forever bright
Upon the tale I tell you, faithfully.
As 'twas told it, words of many men
Who swore upon their souls to utter truth
Think on the story of the Maid, who gave
To us and to the children of the world
The brightest sword in the long roll of war.
The bravest voice from the most bitter years.
The truest vision of free lands and hearts
That sing their loyalties — the Maid — Jeanne d'Arc.

September 1918.

A performance of "Joan of Arc" was given by the Craig Players at Joan's birthplace, Domremy, France, recently. This is part of the programme

ROMAINE BOUQUET

Who was one of the famous Blue Devils, and also a member of M. Copeau's original Paris company, has rejoined the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier here



Maurice, the well-known dancer, who is now serving with the Red Cross, feeding Belgian refugees at the Gare du Nord, Paris

PLAYERS CONTINUE TO DO THEIR BIT

White

HENRY MILLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN THE NEW COMEDY "PERKINS"

SELENE JOHNSON AND LUMSDEN HARE IN "PETER'S MOTHER" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Old Bill, Bert and Alf, the three modern musketeers, find a bit of diversion in "The Gaff," an old schoolroom near the front in France

MR. AND MRS. COBURN IN "THE BETTER 'OLE" A HIT AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE

NEW COMEDIES THAT HOLD THE BOARDS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE BETTER 'OLE." Fragment from France, in two explosions, seven splinters, and a short gas attack, by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Elliot; music by Herman Darewski and Percival Knight. Produced on October 19 with this cast:

The Sergeant-Major	Edwin Taylor
Angele	Gwen Lewis
Bert	Charles McNaughton
Alf	Colin Campbell
Old Bill	Charles Coburn
Rachel	Eugenie Young
The Colonel	Henry Warwick
A Spy	Lark Taylor
Suzette	Mona Desmond
A Tommy	Albert Kenway
Victoire	Mrs. Coburn
Captain of Women	Lillian Spencer
Captain Milne	Lark Taylor
Berthe	Helen Tilden
A French Officer	Howard Taylor
A French Porter	Eugene Borden
Maggie	Kenyon Bishop
Kate	Ruth Vivian
The Vicar	George Logan
An Old Villager	Nevin Clark

AS pure convincing propaganda, "The Better 'Ole" at the Greenwich Village Theatre, is worth a score of those so-called spy plays that have cluttered our metropolitan stage this season. It is instinct with truth, and if the lighter phases of the war make up its subject matter, it retails with charm and humor much that our boys endure overseas.

It is unusually well produced, the details are most lifelike, while an atmosphere of Northern France is beautifully suggested in the several scenes designed and painted by Ernest Albert. Yet, diverting and amusing as it is, it is quite seldom that anything so ingenuously naive finds a lasting place on our boards. Still, it is provocative of much healthy fun and laughter and as such is genuinely welcome.

Written by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Elliot, it has for its protagonists the three familiar figures of the former's well-known war cartoons. Old Bill, with his walrus moustache and his raucous voice is a real creation at the hands of Mr. Coburn.

Colin Campbell is capital as Alf, and the third of the three Muskrats, the impressionable Bert, who falls a victim to the charms of every new female who comes within his ken, is excellently acted and sung by Charles McNaughton.

CRITERION. "THREE WISE FOOLS." Play in three acts by Austin Strong. Produced on October 31 with this cast:

Mr. Findley	Claude Gillingwater
Dr. Richard Gaunt	Harry Davenport
Hon. James Trumbull	William Ingersoll
Miss Fairchild	Helen Menken
Mrs. Saunders	Phyllis Rankin
Gordon Schuyler	Charles Laite
Benjamin Suratt	Stephen Colby
John Crawshay	Charles B. Wells
Poole	Hayward Ginn
Gray	Harry H. Forsman
Clancy	Levitt James
Douglas	J. Moy Bennett
Policeman	George Spelvin

AS manager, producer, collaborator or playwright, Winchell Smith seems to know what a very large portion of the public wants. He has no high-brow vision of its mental altitude. He selects for the average man in the street simple homely fare. Of his latest offering, no one's brain will have to work overtime in grasping either its story or its literary subtleties.

Three middle-aged bachelors have thrust upon them the bringing up of a girl, the daughter of a woman to whom each was willing to pay out a life of devotion. Of course, she metamorphoses them out of their "ruts," and is a perfect ray of sunshine. But she had a supposed jailbird of a father, and to protect him she is misunderstood by all, except the rich nephew of one of the three musketeers. Father's innocence established—he was no forger, the convict with whom he broke jail was the true villain—our heroine faces a married life of beautiful ease.

Mr. Strong's dialogue is bright, apposite and sparkling. His frame work is nicely balanced for theatrical effect, but I do think that he uses more sugar than the Hoover edict allows. It is all fearfully sentimental. Claude Gillingwater as the grouchy one of the trio, presents a strikingly well composed picture of the kind heart that beats beneath a fearsome front. His associates are played by Harry Davenport and William Ingersoll. Helen Menken is pleasing as the heroine, and gives her outburst of indignation with fine fire. Charles Laite is the juvenile lover, while Stephen Colby, as the avenging forger, is expertly dramatic.

CENTURY. "FREEDOM." Play in three acts and twenty-five scenes, by C. Lewis Hind and E. Lyall Swete; music by Norman O'Neill. Produced on October 19 with this cast:

Mrs. Archer	Mrs. Hudson Liston
Henry Archer	William Battista
Richard Freeman	James Eagles
Freedom	Marcia van Dresser
The Oldest Freeman	Henry Herbert
The Messenger	H. R. Irving
Swineherd's Wife	Eva Randolph
King Alfred	Edward Martindel
Thomas à Becket	E. Lyall Swete
Herbert of Bosham	Noel Tearle
Henry II	Charles Webster
Dick's Ancestor	Edward Hayden
Maid Marian	Caroline Duffy
Robin Hood	Robert E. Lee Hill
Earl of Nottingham	Eric Snowden
His Little Daughter	Marion Battista
Matron's Helper	Clara Eames
A Reporter	Howard Brooks
An Interpreter	Glen Hartman
Mr. Patrick Henry	Walter Geer
"The Lady with the Lamp"	Arleen Hackett
Caldron Man	Ralph Symington
Edmund Burke	J. Harry Irvine
Joan of Arc	Eloise Bordage
Another Knight	Arthur Row
King Richard II	May Crumpton

TO glorify the progress of Freedom through the ages with a pageant *de luxe,* with all the pictures and colors and costumes obtainable, is an enterprise pertinent to the moment, and when the practical purpose of the Association producing it at the Century Theatre is to provide funds for the care of disabled naval and military officers of the English-speaking peoples, nothing but commendation is possible.

Its description as a play is not accurate. The subject is too big, the material too vast to make a play of. It is not difficult to give Unity to this encyclopedia of Freedom, but it is easy to overload and weaken with the introduction of too much episode. The definite turns in the progress of humanity toward Freedom were not episodes, and these turns, for the most part, are given in splendid, spirited, effective pictures.

This is said by way of suggestion, for with the eliminations of a few superfluous pictures and the substitution of other essential ones, "Freedom" should be and could be made a permanent achievement of the stage, sustaining conviction and heartening the people to as effective a purpose in the coming times of peace as in these times of war.

HENRY MILLER'S. "PERKINS." Comedy in three acts by Douglas Murray. Produced on October 22 with this cast:

Mr. Priestly	Frank Kemble Cooper
Bobby Gilmour	Frederick Lloyd
Fergus Wimbush	Henry Miller
Ruth Wimbush	Florence Wollerson

detective attempting to arrest somebody for the publication of a libel in an advertising booklet. The solution is that the detective was trying to find the author in order to offer him a large salary as publicity agent. The first and complete touch of novelty is in the prologue, with George Washington (Grant Stewart) and Ananias (Malcolm Bradley) seated (in a moving-picture effect) in conversation. George Washington is duly dignified, Ananias is aged, with flowing white beard and slangy.

In the play Collier is at his best, and his characteristic method prevails throughout the play, in which the characters are characters, Collier contributing only his proper share in the performance.

FRENCH THEATRE. "LE MARRIAGE DE FIGARO," by Beaumarchais. Produced on October 21 with this cast:

Le Comte Almaviva	Robert Bogaert
La Comtesse	Lucienne Bogaert
Figaro	Jeannes Depeau
Suzanna	Valentine Tessier
Marceline	Jane Lory
Antonio	Roman Bouquet
Fanchette	Rolla Bouquet
Cherubin	Suzanne Ring
Bartholo	Robert Gest
Basile	Marcel Millet
Don Gusman Brid'oison	Louis Jouvet
Double-Main	Henri Duma
L'Huissier	Henry Burt
Grippe Soleil	Pierre Weber
Une Jeune Bergere	Simone Reny
Pedrille	Jean Sarment
Une Jeune Fille	Jossane
Une Jeune Fille	Jeanne Brosniges
Une Paysanne	Marcelle Prager

IT may be too early to decide definitely, but a snap judgment of the work of the French company at the Vieux Colombier so far seen indicates that more satisfaction if not more enjoyment is to be obtained from the classical plays than from the modern part of their repertoire. Notice a distinction is raised here in the use of the words satisfaction and enjoyment, and yet if the spectator really likes old comedy they may become synonymous. Following "Le Secret," Beaumarchais' famous "Le Marriage de Figaro" shone brilliantly.

This piece of the eccentric Revolutionary figure of France's dramatic history is still vivacious, witty and cynical. Coming at the period it did, perhaps more meanings have been read into the lines than the author ever dreamed of in his philosophy. He has been credited with deftly inoculating ideas of human freedom and brotherly love in the brains of foppish and insolent courtiers, ideas which later bore bloody fruit. In fact, it is just as probable that Beaumarchais' old bones in their tomb is scarcely to be hoped, and it does not apply to the actors who stirred the house of his day. They never acted, it seemed, but "tackled" the lines with the same animation which marked the first. Beginning with M. Copeau they are an indefatigable lot. They are, also, an excellent lot and appear to advantage in old comedy. The manager has done nothing better than Figaro, and he was ably supported by the cast down to the least important and voiceless "*jeune fille*." The stage was beautifully and appropriately set, and the period costumes were quaintly interesting to see.

ASTOR. "LITTLE SIMPLICITY." A play with music in three acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, music by Augustus Barratt. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

Jezirah Zillah	Cameron Sisters
The Sheik of Kudah	Ben Hendricks
Joseph	Phil Ryley
Jasmin	Eugene Redding
Lulu Clavelle	Marion Tatum
Fred. Duckworth	Charles Brown
Pierre Letcher	Max Bloom
Jack Sylvester	Stewart Baird
Philip Cunningham	Percy Pavell
Alan Van Cleeve	Carl Anderson
Jean	Frank Hunt
Veronique	Carolyn Thomson
Mr Van Cleeve	Robert Lee Allen
Messenger Boy	Allan McDonald
A Young Officer	Samuel Critchetson
Nellie Neal	Florence Jamieson

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG'S acrobatic libretto for "Little Simplicity" leaps from a Tunisian cafe to the Latin Quarter of Paris and thence to a Y. M. C. A. hut somewhere in France. Mrs. Young cracks the whip and all of the popular musical-comedy situations jump through the hoop. Thanks to a reverent story, the characters land on their feet—in khaki, of course—at the finale.

Paul Porcasi plays a French student with a good deal of spirit and humor. Marjorie Gateson is a vigorous Miss of the Quarter—decidedly the life of the party. Carolyn Thomson sings the title role—smooth of the best—often proving to be a Greater Britain, with a [illegible] performance [illegible] entertainment as well can be. It [illegible] time to [illegible] years.

The [illegible] is [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the play was in its production and its acting brilliantly professional; in its idea and unreasonable construction quite the contrary. A matinée hero is an idol because of his excellence in popular nambypamby plays. An adventuress, a beautiful fortune teller, urges him to the ideal heights, the playing of Shakespeare, Hamlet to begin with. The wife is opposed to this change which may affect his popularity and his purse. The character and the attitude of the two women are most confusing. The idealistic adventuress is "thwarted," and yet, by a recitation of Hamlet's soliloquy he convinces his wife and his friends that he can play Hamlet.

This sudden change of opinion does not wholly commend itself to an audience. How is it possible that an actor's wife, his manager and his best friends were ignorant of his qualities until he recited a "piece"? On the other hand, it was fairly convincing that Mr. Ditrichstein, who, probably, neither denies nor affirms that he is "a matinée hero," could and can play Hamlet.

The cast of "The Matinée Hero" was good, and could supply capable performers for the projected production of "Hamlet," with Robert McWade, Brandon Tynan, Catherine Proctor, Cora Witherspoon and Jessie Parnell.

FULTON. "A Stitch in Time." Comedy drama in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie M. Meaney. Produced on October 15 with this cast:

Gilbert Hill	Earle Mitchell
Lawrence Brockman	Charles Hampden
Worthington Bryce	Ralph Kellard
Jenkins	David Higgins
Richard Moreland	Robert Cain
Worthington Bryce, Sr.	H. Gilmour
Phoebe-Ann Hubbard	Irene Fenwick
Lela Trevor	Grace Carlyle
Mrs. Trevor	Evelyn Carter Carrington

IT may be difficult for a manager to assure himself in advance of "What the Public Wants." Practically, it is an easy matter—requiring only the elimination from one's bank account of a certain sum of money for a production. The superstition that no human being can foretell anything of the success or failure of a play is one of the most amusing of all crochets of the mind.

It may be assumed that Mr. Bailey was making an experiment with "A Stitch in Time" by way of tempting Providence and toying with Superstition. Here was a play in which everything was obvious and consequently undramatic. But is not everything that is going to happen in a play obvious to this wise New York public? Not unless it has all been done so often in times past that it is a twice and many times over-told story.

"A Stitch in Time" has its variants—a struggling artist, refusing to relinquish ideals for the cash of his rich father; a designing girl, in love with another man, engaged to him; the daughter of the scrubwoman; love at first sight; while mopping around she discovers manuscript of story written by the idealist; sells it for five hundred dollars; saves her rival from running away with her lover; thus inviting a scandal upon her own head; the scandal cleared up, and so through a series of non-sequiturs the play ends happily, and Mr. Bailey finds out "What the Public Does Not Want." Of course the resourceful and intelligent Mr. Bailey will find out what is wanted.

PLAYHOUSE. "Peter's Mother." Romantic comedy in three acts by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Produced on October 29 with this cast:

Sir Timothy Crewys	Charles A. Stevenson
Lady Mary Crewys	Selene Johnson
Peter	Philip Tonge
Lady Belstone	Katharine Stewart
Miss Georgina Crewys	Lillian Brennard
John Crewys, K. C.	Lumsden Hare
Canon Birch	Walter Howe
Doctor Blundell	Frederick Truesdell
Mrs. Hewell	Kathrine Lorimer
Sarah	Gypsy O'Brien
Ash	Herbert Belmore

THIS highly respectable and exceedingly English play, which did not last long on Broadway, is a delightfully peaceful war play, with no reverberations of firearms in it—only rumors, and Peter's Mother's Peter coming back home with a sleeve half empty.

Peter's Father—seen in the first act only, his absence, on the whole, being better than his company—was a typical Englishman, ruling his house with a heavy hand. Peter has enlisted secretly; his Mother may overtake him and bid him good-by; but the Father forbids this; she must be at hand when he dies, which he is likely to do at any moment. She remains. A terrible conflict between love and duty.

The play was slow in action by reason of getting down to business late, but its characters were well drawn and well acted, and it had some scenes as delightfully and artistically written and acted as you would find in a day's journey. Miss Selene Johnson, Peter's Mother, with her silvery laughter, and Miss Gipsy O'Brien, as the girl Peter loved, and Katherine Stewart and Lillian Brennard as Peter's old Aunts, were entertaining because not altogether placid. Lumsden Hare, as the successor of Peter's Father, was capital.

BELMONT. "I. O. U." Play in three acts by Hector Turnbull and Willard Mack, based on the motion picture, "The Cheat." Produced on October 5 with this cast:

"Bobo" Hardy	Mary Nash
Richard Hardy	Frederick Truesdell
Ramdah Sima	Jose Ruben
Kane Cavendish	Kenneth Hill
Cecil Thornby	Andrew Higginson
Mrs. Amanda Dodge	Emily Fitzroy
Lottie	Martha McGraw
Mrs. Barrows	Helen Pingree
Ruggs	George Riddell
Mr. Dorkins	James Dolan
Marie	Florence Flynn
Ganda	Lynn B. Hammond
Boy	Nat Johnson

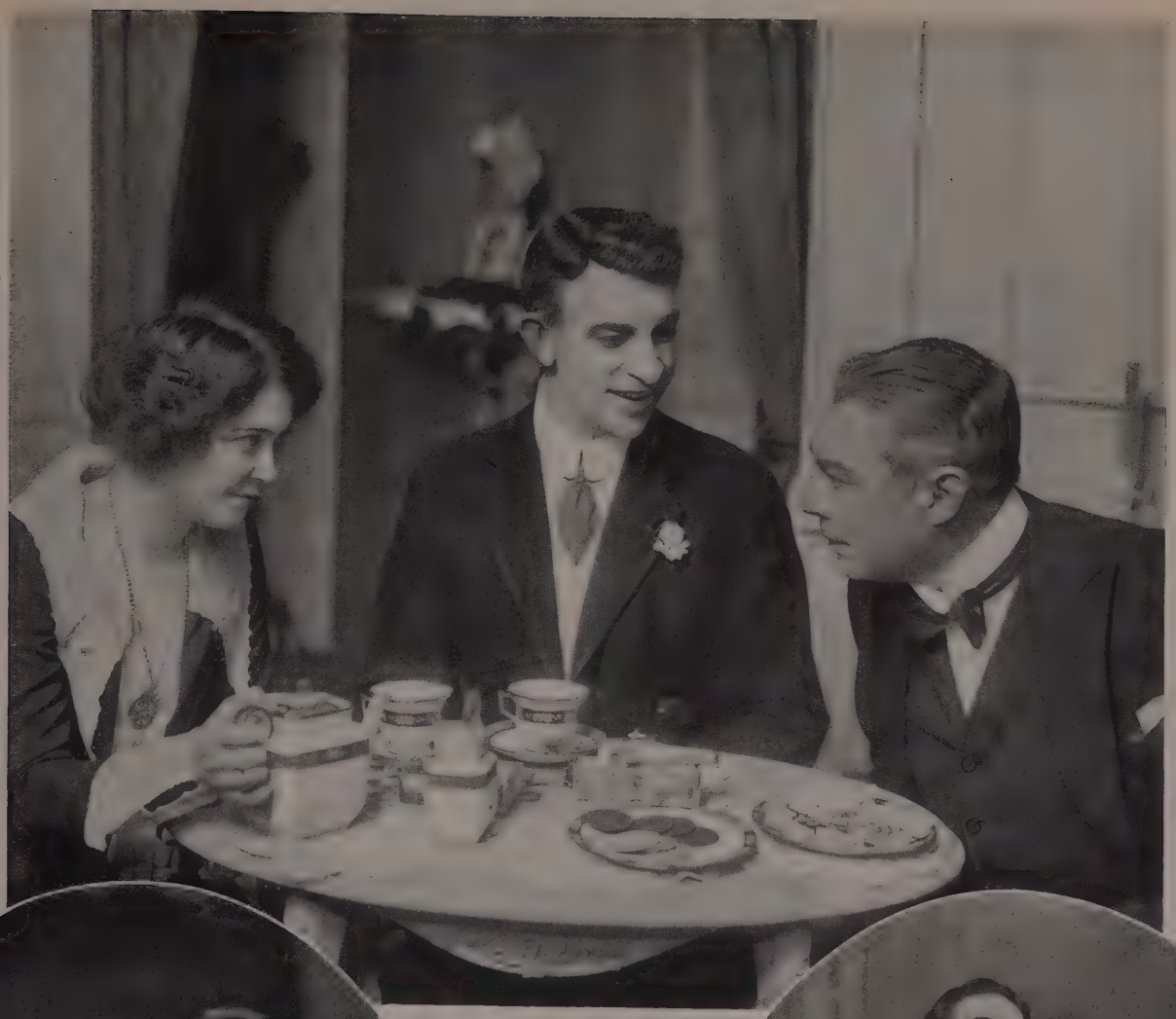
A FLIGHTY young matron plunged in debt has converted a $10,000 charity fund to bolster up her flyer, needs monetary help. An East Indian Prince will help her, but at his own price, her honor. She consents, to avoid the form of exposure, but relents at the critical moment. Enraged and describing her as a cheat, the Prince binds her to a chair, brands her on the shoulder with a red-hot iron. The part of the wife was played by Mary Nash, who wore some exquisite gowns. The Prince was smartly acted by Jose Ruben, who evinced genuine power in the climax, but they could not save the piece in the climax.

39TH STREET. "The Long Dash." Play in three acts by Robert Mears Mackay and Victor Mapes. Produced on November 5 with this cast:

Alma	Millicent Evans
Arline	Violet Kemble Cooper
Borrows	Harry T. Leeland
Paul Hazleton	Robert Edeson
Maranelli	Burton Churchill
John Hazleton	Robert Edeson
William Timberly	Byron Beasley
Holmes Winter	Malcolm Duncan
Bainbridge Weston	John Terry
Sartoni	Henry E. Dixey
Marie	Georgia Lee
Dr. Bruce	Frank Decamp
Miss Warrington	Helen Hilton
Senator Weston	Burton Churchill
Singly	Harry English
Whitehouse	Walter Colligan
Derkin	J. C. Tremayne

TAKE two brothers, exactly alike in physique and general appearance—one, evil, strong and devilish and the other almost too good to be true—and throw them into contact with one of those alleged supermen of a German spy, then mix in "them papers" and you have "The Long Dash" by Victor Mapes, co-author of "The Boomerang," and Robert Mears Mackay. We must let a long ——— express our frank opinion of this play, which is, after all, not

(*Concluded on page* 378)



Margaret Lawrence, Arthur Byron and Frederick Perry. The wife, the friend, and the husband meet over the tea table in "Tea for Three." a variation of the triangle, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre

(Right)

Orme Caldara and Jane Cowl in "Information, Please!" the comedy by Miss Cowl and Jane Murfin which opened the new Selwyn Theatre

(Left)

Olive Wyndham and William Collier in "Nothing But Lies," at the Longacre, a new comedy aptly described as "a Collierism in three acts and a little bit more"

Photos White

RUNNING THE DRAMATIC GAMUT

CHILDREN'S YEAR ON THE STAGE

Lorna Volare and other infant prodigies important factors in the success of recent Broadway productions

By ADA PATTERSON

THIS is children's year on the stage.

Never before has Broadway spread upon its amusement menu so many morsels of humanity. Five plays are depending upon their children in nearly the same degree that the temple rested upon the pillar which Samson tore away in a supreme effort of his ebbing strength.

Fancy "Daddies" without its quintette of fascinating minors! "Penrod" without Penrod would be as "Hamlet" minus Hamlet. "The Betrothal" is supported by infant talent as surely as was the Maeterlinckian fantasy of which it is the sequel. The mammoth spectacle "Freedom" has a poignant child element. A child accompanies Freedom in her pilgrimage through the ages. The children, seeing visions in the pool, provide one of the most natural scenes in "The Awakening." "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was a play of which a misunderstood child was the pivot. With Robert Hilliard in "A Prince There Was" is appearing a wee maiden marvel of Chauncey Olcott's discovery.

When the season was less than two months' old, an array of six Broadway plays attested the importance of children to the drama. Others in contemplation included bright baby players of whom much was expected.

A churl grumbled that the boards were "being inundated with 'brats.'" A finer spirit said: "Let them come. Maybe they will teach us the art of natural acting." But whatever the attitude of managers and fellow actors toward children, the audience always welcomes the diminutive player. The appearance of a child on the stage is a guarantee of a general smile.

THE greatest juvenile achievement of the children's season is the Penrod of Andrew Lawlor. Master Lawlor, who unconsciously foils the machinations of the villain in Booth Tarkington's play, is a sturdy lad of eleven. The quality of naturalness is not strained in Master Lawlor's performance of the boy who played. It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven from the limpid heart of childhood. Andrew is one of the good things that came out of the early A. H. Woods' productions before that intrepid manager invaded Broadway. Andrew's mother played oppressed heroines in dramas of terror. Andrew looked on but clearly did not absorb these radical portrayals.

He played boy parts with "The Katzenjammer Kids" and other comedies, in the cheaper theatres. With these companies were low comedians of ripe experience. Andrew stood in the wings, and learned of them. He rose to a more refined sphere when he joined Laurette Taylor's company last season in "Happiness."

Richard Ross, whose scene, when suffering the third degree from Penrod's father, is excruciatingly funny, is Andrew's friend on and off the stage. No professional jealousy has ever marred their comradeship. Helen Chandler is the vain and romantic little Marjorie Jones, with heart that looked East and West in the production.

"Daddies" might fittingly have been called "Babies" or "Adoptions." Lorna Volare, leading a quintette of children under eight years of age, captivates the hearts and stimulates the imaginations of the audiences of every age that flock to the Belasco Theatre. Lorna, who plays a French refugee adopted by a reluctant American bachelor whose heart she captures by her infantile charms, is a super little actress of six years. The baby player's accent betrays no locale, proving that her diction is faultless. Yet she is of Melbourne, Australia. Her début upon the vocal stage occurred in the play "Barbara" with Marie Doro. It was while she was studying Barbara, which he had considered and declined for Frances Starr, that the wizard's eyes fell upon the baby Thespian. "That is the child I want for 'Daddies,'" he noted in his memory.

At "Daddies'" successful New York première, the baby siren was one of the largest figures in the play's success.

MR. BELASCO, looking at me with his smile of a Sphinx and his dark eyes that blink shortsightedly, yet see farther than is allotted to most mortal vision, said:

"Lorna is a marvelous child. I have only known one child who equalled her. That was little Maudie Adams. Maudie had the same charm, the same bright mind, the same odd little ways, that were all her own."

"Do you predict a Maude Adams' success for Lorna Volare?"

"It will depend upon the manner of her life," he rejoined. "If her home environment is calm and happy, if she studies, and if love when it comes to her is a happy one, she may become another Maude Adams. But she has an affectionate nature. If she married, and unhappily, her professional career will be blighted."

"You still believe in the unmarried woman star?"

"I do. You cannot serve two masters."

The rehearsal room, under the stage of the Belasco Theatre, looks like a nursery. With the prodigality of the artist, David Belasco has lavished a heterogeneous mass of toys upon Lorna and her four little associates, Aida Armand, the robust little girl who plays Sammy, and the twin boys and the little girl who constitute the surprising triplets allotted to a bachelor as his part of war relief work, and who are known as François and Co. For the girls there are dolls and doll houses, for the boys marbles and automatic trains, a hobby horse and an automobile. The strange fact that one of the stage triplets dropped a toy train and crossed the room to coddle a doll disclosed the supposed boy as a girl.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT sang to seven-year-old Bonnie Marie in "Once Upon a Time" last season. Robert Hilliard, seeing the play, bethought him of one of his own plays that was as a peak in his career, Richard Harding Davis's "The Littlest Girl," and appropriated the tiny mime. While Mr. Olcott hesitated, uncertain as to whether the play George M. Cohan was writing for him, "The Voice of McConnell" would contain a small enchantress, he lost Bonnie Marie.

REGINALD SHEFFIELD, the boy Adonis, plays Tyltyl in "The Betrothal." The foremost child player of the Maeterlinckian sequel to "The Blue Bird," is one of the handsomest children in the profession. Often he has been compared with the creator of Adonis and the chief male conservator of perennial pulchritude, Henry E. Dixey.

Reggie's most recent appearance on Broadway, antedating his characterization of Tyltyl, was in "The Happy Ending" of unhappily speedy termination. But the brevity of its life was not due to the good little guide who led mortals wandering from here through hereafter. He has absorbed the inspiration that wells from the great, for he was the Robin in "Merry Wives of Windsor" with James K. Hackett and the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Reginald's fellow players, who have reached the years of mimicry though not of discretion, are Baby Ivy Ward, three and a half years old and addicted to dolls; Helen Rickla Reinecke, the infantile toe dancer who has been styled the little Genee; Wanda Valle, of roguish eyes and nimble feet; Vivienne Dolissis Gisson, Jean Bailey and Dorothy Strong.

To William Battista, of the pensive, poet eyes, has come an inestimable honor. He accompanies the stately prima donna, Marcia Van Dresser, the Freedom of the mammoth patriotic pageant, on a pilgrimage of the ages. As Henry Archer, he remains on the stage throughout the long performance, a constant satellite of the star. Professionally he can be traced to the great Davids. He is Belasco-trained and Warfield-inspired.

THE Awakening's" contribution to the children's season is the trio comprising Cornish Beck, Charles Eaton, Jr., and Josephine Mastale. Master Beck made his début when seven years old with Nazimova, and was one of the children in the pioneer war play, "Moloch." Herbert Brennon, seeing picture possibilities in him, made of him the "little lone wolf," in "The Lone Wolf" and Julius Steger cast him for the child in the picture version of "Just a Woman." In motion picturedom he is known as an emotional child-actor. In the vernacular he is engaged "to do the weeps." He is one of the brightest children of the Stage Children's School at the Rehearsal Club. His ambition is not to be an E. H. Sothern, but to be graduated from that school in June. Josephine Mastale is a motion picture product. Ask Charles Eaton, Jr. what is the most vivid memory of his career and he will tell you it was his fourth birthday when the leading lady of a Washington stock company gave him a natal day party in her dressing room. He has been on the stage more than half his life, for he made his début, which he cannot recall, at three years old, and he is now seven and "nearly grownup." The seasons since the memorable birthday party in the dressing room were filled with his engagements in "The Blue Bird" and as Peter in "Mother Carey's Chickens."

At all events the children of the children's season, 1918-1919, are heartily welcome on our boards.

White
David Belasco telling a story to the children appearing in "Daddies."

Lorna Volare, who scored a hit in the play, is the first child on the left

REGGIE SHEFFIELD
Who is Tyltyl in Winthrop Ames' production of Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal"

HELEN CHANDLER
The adorable Marjorie Jones in "Penrod"

RICHARD ROSS
Penrod's accomplice and right-hand man—Sam Williams

WILLIAM BATTISTA
In the mammoth patriotic pageant "Freedom" at the Century

HELEN RIKLA
The infant toe dancer in "The Betrothal"

CORNISH BECK
Recently in "The Awakening," made his stage début when seven with Nazimova

CHILD PLAYERS TO-DAY—STARS TO MORROW

THE LITTLE THEATRE GOES TO WAR

New stage movement ceases its artistic activites to fight for Uncle Sam

By LISLE BELL

THE little theatre does not flourish in war gardens. It is a growth which demands watering, and war is a drought. A year ago, you could scarcely stick a pin into the map without pricking a little theatre center, for they were everywhere—tiny free-agents of art, dotting the landscape like daisies.

The little theatre had begun to develop a surprising hardihood. At first a fragile and exotic bloom, requiring assiduous tending, it gradually began to take root in all kinds of soil. The profuse Washington Square variety, the carefully nurtured Boston hot-house variety—these found themselves rivaled by new forms which sprang up in the comparatively uncultivated soil of the middle west. No one had a monopoly on the movement.

Then came the war—and the little theatre has gone down fighting. This business of settling Germany has left but a handful of survivors, like isolated veterans. When we come to compile the dramatic losses of the war, the little theatre will head the casualty list.

The blow fell just when the movement was beginning to reap what it had sown. People no longer smiled indulgently at it. Commercial managers were finding it wise to reckon with it. Belasco had accorded it the tribute of adverse attention.

PERHAPS you chanced to be attending a little theatre the night of the President's war proclamation, and heard it read from the stage—an episode which gave to the entr'acte dramatic values eclipsing any play. Probably it did not occur to anyone that evening that the little theatre was listening to its own fate. Nevertheless, the writing was on the wall, and the writing which was on the wall then has since been pared down to one word and transcribed to the door: "Dark."

So while the commercial theatre has been wrestling with the problems of how to collect the war tax, and how to pick war-time "hits," and how to replace drafted employees, and how to assemble exempt male choruses that won't look too much like cartoons, and other things equally momentous, the little theatre has gone quietly about the quite vital job of winding up its affairs—and going to war.

For that is what the little theatre has done. It was, in fact, the natural thing to expect. From birth, the little theatre movement has been trained to fight, so that the transition to another sphere of action may not be such a wrench, after all. There has always been enough opposition to keep the movement from taking on fat. Inertia and commercialism have been its twin kaisers, and the little theatre has had to guard its frontier from the start.

Not all the little playhouses, of course, have ceased to function, but the number grows less each month. The Provincetown Players have bravely launched a third season in their new playhouse in Macdougal Street. This group is one of the active survivors.

The Washington Square players wrote "finis" as long ago as last May. Many members of the organization are already either in France or on their way there. Edward Goodman, their director, found a new field for his activities at General Hospital Number 5, where he organized the Fort Ontario Players. Glenn Hunter and Jay Strong, former members of the organization, have been associated with him in putting on programs of one-act plays. So the Washington Square germ, one of the most active and aggressive in the whole little theatre movement, has not really been eradicated, after all. The war has just spread it about a little.

THE Greenwich Village, New York's newer little theatre, has been handed over to the Coburns, and several of its members are now in active service. When the Greenwich Village theatre was first opened, its purpose was set forth as "to establish a home for the art of the theatre, and to gather a company of players and craftsmen who recognize the theatre as an art-medium." "No such consummation can be achieved in a day or a year," said Frank Conroy at that time. And what was true then, before anyone fully realized the magnitude of our share in the war, is doubly true now. The Greenwichers have relinquished their enterprise for the duration of the war, and the Coburns have stepped in.

In Philadelphia, the little theatre has met war conditions by changing from a resident company theatre to one which books in the usual way. The Arts and Crafts Theatre of Detroit, formerly directed by Sam Hume, expects to continue—subject however to the draft and other war contingencies.

"I plan to have the theatre make its contribution to the work of winning the war to the fullest extent possible," was the announcement of Mr. Hume. "Of course, we shall not be able to make the expansion in policy that we would otherwise have undertaken. We have only one general thing to offer—entertainment—but we shall make our contribution to the extent of our facilities."

Since this announcement, however, Mr. Hume has left the Arts and Crafts Theatre to take charge of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal.

WINTHROP AMES' Little Theatre in New York shares desuetude with its less pretentious fellows. It remains "dark" while its owner superintends the entertaining of soldiers at the front. Freight embargoes on non-war shipments and other considerations have kept the Portmanteau Theatre, Stuart Walker's pet project, lying idle in Chicago, while Mr. Walker has been centering his activities on other productions.

With minor variations, the story is much the same from other little theatre projects which are now in abeyance. None has been immune from the interference of Mars. A mainstay of quite a few of them has been a "supporting membership," and "supporting members" quite properly divert their philanthropic contributions into direct war channels in these times. The little theatre has never suffered from over-endowment even in times of peace and it has been quick to feel the war-time pinch. Just now, the "angel" is, for all practical purposes, an extinct bird.

And with the little theatre adjourned, the one-act play suffers. The curtain-raiser of the London playhouse is an idea which has never got much of a footing on this side, so that—with the exception of the strained and scattered one-acters which find their way into vaudeville—that form of drama has had to look to the little theatre for its major outlet. Of course, the commercial manager has been willing to try bills of Barrie and similar ventures, but he has not gone very deeply into one-act productions. As a stable business proposition, he cannot "see" them. They look to him too much like needless risks. And needless risks are not in his line—war or no war.

So the man who writes one-act plays is feeling the pinch. There are a few magazine markets, and a few vaudeville possibilities—if he remains sufficiently unsubtle, but the zest of backing his product against a field of similar output, and testing it amid its fellows in a bill of one-act pieces, must remain untasted for the duration of the war. The little theatre has been the forum of the one-acter. The forum is closed.

AFTER the war, however, one feels safe in prophesying a revival of interest in the little theatre and the one-act play which will surpass its previous gains in every way. Why not? The little theatre is essentially a democratic product, and democratic products are going to come into their own. The little theatre is a laboratory of experiment, and the world is going to be more receptive to experiments.

As for the one-act play, it should be the dominant medium for the expression of this experimental mood. It has already given some hint of its possibilities in this field. Think of the one-act pieces of the last few years which have prodded social problems, sex problems and economic problems. Weigh the merit of such one-act war plays as those of Barrie, for example, with the merit of the average full-length war plays of our current stage carpenters, turning out pieces to order, full of spy, spite and sputter.

So the movement is only suffering a hard frost, after all. The leaves may be withered, but there is still plenty of sap in the roots. Democracy's summer is just ahead, when the roots will send up fresh shoots, more vigorous than the old. The little theatre will blossom more luxuriantly than ever. Even Belasco, plucking one of its blooms to adorn his lapel, may find himself marveling why he ever called it a weed.

Burnett

CECIL ARDEN

The gifted contralto who has met with considerable success at the Metropolitan Opera House

Fairchild

© Strauss-Peyton

DOROTHY FOLLIS

Lyric soprano with the Chicago Opera Company and a concert singer of charm

MARCIA VAN DRESSER

The well-known concert singer who is appearing in the title rôle of "Freedom" at the Century. This photograph, showing her in that character, was posed by Livingston Platt

Geisler & Andrews

MARGUERITE NAMARA

Of the Chicago Opera Company, who has appeared at concerts with Elman and Caruso. She has a vivid personality and is known among audiences as "the intimate concert singer." In private life, Mme. Namara is the wife of Guy Bolton, the playwright

Johnston

GANNA WALSKA

With beauty, and a voice of rare quality, it is little wonder that Mme. Walska is a favorite on the operatic and concert stage

SOME FAVORITE SONGBIRDS

© B. A H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS AMERICA

"Unconditional Surrender"

FROM A NEW SERIES OF PATRIOTIC PICTURES ARRANGED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

MAXINE ELLIOTT AS BRITANNIA

"Britons Never Shall be Slaves"

© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

IRENE CASTLE AS FRANCE

"They Shall Not Pass"

© B. A H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

BILLIE BURKE AS THE RED CROSS

"The Greatest Mother on Earth"

TOLSTOI DRAMA A BROADWAY SENSATION

In an acting part of the first magnitude
John Barrymore reveals himself a true artist

THE recent production of Tolstoi's drama, "The Living Corpse," at the Plymouth Theatre, under the less grewsome title "Redemption" proved one of the sensational successes of tne new season. First staged in Europe, a year after the great Russian philosopher's death, the play was viewed as being, in part, a confession of his own life. It met with great success in European theatres, and with John Barrymore in the exacting rôle of Fedya Protosov, and atmospheric scenery designed by Robert Edmond Jones, it is likely to attract as much attention in this country.

The play opens in the home of Fedya's wife, where she has just established her home separately from her husband. She has left him, taking their baby, because of his dissipations, but she finds that she loves him too much to give him up, so she calls on an old admirer of hers to take a final plea to Fedya, offering forgiveness and suggesting a reconciliation. Victor, the admirer, finds Fedya in the gypsy haunt to which the poetic but irresolute young Russian had turned for consolation, listening to the gypsy singing, and beginning a love affair with the gypsy girl, Masha. Victor gives Fedya the letter from his wife:

FEDYA: You know what's in this letter, Victor?

VICTOR: Yes—your wife asked me to find you and to tell you she's waiting for you. She wants you to forget everything and come back. Fedya—come home.

FEDYA (*smiling rather whimsically*): You're a much finer person than I am, Victor. Of course, that's not saying much. I'm not very much good, am I? But that's exactly why I'm not going to do what you want me to do. It's not the only reason, though. The real reason is that I just simply can't. How could I?

VICTOR: Come along to my rooms, Fedya, and I'll tell her you'll be back to-morrow.

FEDYA: To-morrow can't change what we are. She'll still be she, and I will still be I, to-morrow. No, it's better to have the tooth out in one pull. Didn't I say that if I broke my word to her she was to leave me? Well, I've broken it, and that's enough.

Fedya then turns back to the singing gypsies, and Victor goes away. The next scene shows Victor's mother, greatly distressed because, after the refusal of Fedya to return to his wife, Victor had confessed his great love for her, and Lisa had confessed that she returned it, and they wanted to be married if a divorce could be had, in spite of the fact that the powerful Russian church, of which Victor was an orthodox member, forbade divorce and remarriage. Lisa pays a visit to Victor's mother, at Victor's insistence, and the two women, touched to mutual devotion by the love each has for Victor, agree to try to find some way of bringing Lisa and Victor together. They decide to send Prince Sergius, an old friend of Victor's mother, to ask Fedya if he will give them cause for a divorce. Fedya is in a plainly furnished room, the best he can now afford, and Masha, his gypsy singer, comes to him.

MASHA: Why didn't you come over to us?

FEDYA: I didn't come because I had no money.

MASHA: Oh, why is it I love you so?

FEDYA: Masha!

MASHA (imitating him): Masha! What's that mean? If you loved me, by now you'd have your divorce. You say you don't love your wife, but you stick to her like grim death.... it's your mind that you never can make up, causing you all this worry.

FEDYA: Well, Masha, after all, you've got all I can give, the best I've ever had to give, perhaps, because you're so strong, so beautiful, that sometimes you've made me know how to make you glad.

Fedya and Masha are interrupted by Masha's parents, who accuse her of having thrown herself away. This Fedya stoutly denies, declaring that he has not harmed her, but the gypsy parents, drag the girl away, and into the end of the uproar, Prince Sergius announces himself. Fedya assures Prince Sergius that he wishes his wife to have her freedom, that he will not stand in her way.

FEDYA: Victor is splendid, very decent, in fact, the opposite of myself, and he's loved her since her childhood, and maybe she loved him, even before we were married. After all, that happens, and the strongest love is perhaps unconscious love. Yes, I think she's always loved him, far, far down, beneath what she would admit to herself, and this feeling of mine has been like a black shadow across our married life.... No brightness could suck up that shadow. And so I suppose I never was satisfied with what my wife gave me, and I looked for every kind of distraction, sick at heart because I did so. I see it more and more clearly since we've been apart. Oh, but I sound as if I were defending myself. God knows I didn't want to do that. No, I was a shocking bad husband. I say was, because now I don't consider myself her husband at all. She's absolutely free. There, does that satisfy you?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Yes, but you know how strictly orthodox Victor and his family are.... they consider that any union without a church marriage is—well, to put it mildly—unthinkable.

But Fedya refuses to give grounds for the only divorce which the church would countenance, even by dispensation. However, in the end, he does promise Prince Sergius, in a passage not understood by the Prince, to remove himself as an obstacle. In the following scene, after he has written a letter to Lisa and Victor, Fedya tries to shoot himself. He cannot do it. His irresolution pursues him even there, and his pistol falls from his temple. Then Masha, escaped from her parents, comes singing into the room. She sees the pistol, upbraids him savagely, presses her own claim to happiness upon him, and finally, remembering that it is a notorious fact among Fedya's friends that he cannot swim, suggests to him that he pretend to drown himself, thus leaving Lisa free, and himself alive with Masha. To this, Fedya consents, and in the final scene of the first act, Lisa and Victor receive the letter telling them that Fedya is "no longer in existence."

The second act opens in a dirty, underground dive, where Fedya now "The Living Corpse" of the play's original title, is drinking with a poet vagabond whose sympathy warms him to tell his own amazing story. Fedya tells how he has always loved Masha, but that after a little while together, they had felt that no happiness could come to them, so they had parted. Then he tells how his former wife and Victor have married, and that he sometimes passes their house. This conversation is intruded upon by a frequenter of the dive, but the men drive him away, unfortunately not far enough, for he stops and listens to the rest of Fedya's confession. This man, Artimiev, finally interrupts.

ARTIMIEV: Excuse me, but you know I've been listening to that story of yours. It's a very good story, and what's more, a very useful one. You say you don't like being without money, but really there's no need of your ever finding yourself in that position.

FEDYA (*interrupting*): Look here, I wasn't talking to you, and I don't need your advice.

ARTIMIEV: But I'm going to give it to you, just the same. Now, you're a corpse. Well, suppose you come to life again.

FEDYA: What?

ARTIMIEV: Then your wife and that fellow she's so happy with—they would be arrested for bigamy. The best they'd get would be ten years in Siberia. *Now* you see where you have a steady income, don't you?

FEDYA (*furiously*): Stop talking and get out of here.

ARTIMIEV: The best way is to write him a letter. If you don't know how, I'll do it for you. Just give me their address, and afterwards, when the ruble notes commence to drop in, how grateful you'll be!

FEDYA: Get out! Get out! I haven't told you anything!

Artimiev, balked, then fights and downs Fedya, and turns him over to the police.

The next scene shows the home of Lisa and Victor, where for years they have been happily married, and into this, comes a letter from a magistrate, summoning Lisa in the bigamy case which has come out of Fedya's arrest. Fedya, Lisa and Victor meet in the room of the examining magistrate. Lisa and Victor are examined first, and both protest their good faith. Fedya is called in. He is sodden, and fearfully shabby, and during his confinement in jail, has grown a straggling beard.

FEDYA: There were three human being alive, I, he, and she. We all bore towards one another a most complex relation. We were all engaged in a spiritual struggle, beyond your comprehension: the struggle between anguish and peace; between falsehood and truth.

Suddenly this struggle ended in a way that set us free. Everybody was at peace. They loved my memory, and I was happy, even in my degradation, because I'd done what should have been done, and cleared away my weak life from interfering with their strong, good lives.

And yet, we're all alive. When suddenly, a bastard adventurer appears, who demands that I abet this filthy scheme. I drive him off as I would a diseased dog, but he finds you, the defender of public justice, the appointed guardian of morality, to listen to him. And you, who receive on the twentieth of each month a few kopeks' gratuity for your wretched business, you get into your uniform, and in good spirits proceed to torture and bully people whose threshold you are not clean enough to cross. Then, when you've had your fill of showing off your wretched power, you sit and smile there, in your damned complacent dignity—

The examining magistrate interrupts, and has Fedya removed.

In the final scene, outside the courtroom where the trial is going on, the lawyer and Fedya are seen in a brief conference, in which Fedya learns that the most favorable verdict that could possibly be returned would be a pardon, and a reuniting of himself and his former wife.

The most favorable verdict is repeated to him, at his request, and as the horror of this is made plain to him, he summons the courage he had lacked earlier, and shoots himself.

Photos White

Thamara Swirskaya Mona Hungerford John Barrymore

Act I. Fedya (Mr. Barrymore): "He came to take me home to my wife. You see she loves even a fool like me."

John Barrymore in Act I.

Fedya, having promised to remove himself as an obstacle to his wife's marriage with another man, prefers suicide to the degradation of the divorce courts, but finds that he has not the will to pull the trigger

E. J. Ballantine John Barrymore Thomas Mitchell

Act II. The blackmailer, who has overheard Fedya's story, tries to force him to "come to life" in order to get money from his wife and her husband

Charles Kennedy John Barrymore

Act II. Fedya, after cross examination by the magistrate, turns on him and denounces him for stupid and blind interference, in the name of Justice, into the deepest places in the hearts of three people, all of whom were innocent of any wrong

Act II. Fedya has just shot himself. His former wife bends over him while he calls to Masha, the gypsy singer

TOLSTOI'S "REDEMPTION" TOLD IN PICTURES

THE THEATRICAL MARRIAGE

"Hello, old scout! Say, why don't you invite me to one of your weddings?"

——Willie Collier to Nat Goodwin

By ZOE BECKLEY

JUST because the number of Nat Goodwin's wives is steadily climbing up towards the number of his automobile, the public's lip has got the habit of curling at theatrical marriages. The retort courteous is, "Certainly theatrical marriages are often flivvers, *but no oftener than other marriages.*"

Julie Opp Faversham declares, asserts, alleges, deposes and maintains that there are quite as many successfully mated actors as can be found on the audience side of the footlights. Frank Wilstach, who from his 44th Street publicity eyrie gazes out over the theatre zone like a gargoyle on Notre Dame (only handsomer), and knows everything about similes and stagefolk, insists that whoever says there aren't more happy marriages on the boards than off is as wrong as the man who tries to get to Times Square on a Brooklyn sub train.

Pitting the popular view against an actual canvass, let's see the net result. Take a random list, say seventeen, popular players and see how they compare with an equal number of your own private-life friends.

Otis Skinner and his wife, Maud Durbin, admit without a blush that they are the Darby and Joan of the profession. Married twenty years, neither has ever signalled the conductor of the matrimonial tram to stop, nor even asked for a transfer. Modest and wholesome and finely intelligent Mrs. Skinner has a charm which seems to explain her talented lord's devotion.

BUT my dear, you can't go a bit by that," says she with her lovely smile. "Some of the charmingest persons on earth do not charm their marriage partners long. It is two other things. First, luck in finding a mate who has fidelity as a part of character. Second, that you have the best of all mutual interests, a child.

"We have our daughter who throughout her eighteen years has been our strongest bond. And Mr. Skinner is the most devoted father I have ever known. But to those who have no children I should say, "Do not be *competitive.* Find a mutual ground on which you can both meet and cultivate a common interest if it is only collecting postage stamps."

The Skinners live at Bryn Mawr, Pa., near the college where daughter goes. Daughter writes and acts, inheriting the talent of her player parents. When Dad goes away on his long trips, friend wife and friend daughter stay at home, each with her own vivid occupations, storing up fresh interests for all against his return. Find a happier marriage anywhere than the Skinners!

Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners, playwright, have only six years to offer as a sample. But Laurette "adores" her husband, true and honest. Folks in the adjoining suites of the hotels they frequent report no domestic debacles. And unless someone better posted than the mighty managers of Whitelight Lane knows aught to the contrary, the Manners-Taylor team must be listed among the happies.

To unearth John Drew's matrimonial beginning we must go back into the past some—can it be possible?—thirty-odd years. He and Josephine Baker, of Philadelphia, are recorded as wed in 1880. And they have stayed wed. It is possible that Josephine and John have had their spats and clashes, for neither is weak-minded. But they have stuck, and no envenomed situations have been revealed to an ever-interested world.

OF Ethel Barrymore and her husband, Russell G. Colt, we may have heard vague rumors. But we also hear occasional rumors about our own Cousin Cornelia back in Sodus Center who married that young feller with the curly hair, and they do say that him and Cornelia sometimes gives each other a piece of their mind, and Aunt Matildy says her sister-in-law's aunt heard—etc. No one denies that the cares of a big business man sometimes make him peevish. Or that Ethel probably has a share of the Barrymore temperament (which includes brains). Or that riches, beauty, brains, babies and career create a complex situation out of which a ripple or two might reasonably emanate. Cousin Cornelia and her man think Sodus Center is gossipy. But lands sakes alive, compared with them, an actress has no more seclusion than a goldfish in a glass bowl. And so maybe we occasionally "hear rumors." Yet they too have stuck for nine years, and to believers in the theory that the first five are the most difficult in married life, that means a lot.

John Barrymore's divorce has recently been bruited on Broadway. So much for that.

Nazimova and Charles Bryant, her actor husband, admit they are a harmonious pair. Any voices to the contrary? Mme. Alla once told me that the two important goals on earth were success and motherhood. And that she would gladly give whatever success she possessed for a baby of her own to love. "But alas," she added, "I am a dead tree. I will content myself with work and comradeship."

William Hodge, who married Helen Hale, the dancer, is notably a husband without a grievance. The froth of "Peggy from Paris" has obviously not affected Mrs. Hodge's substantial qualities of character for no neighbors can be found who fail to vouch for her as an ideal wife, mother and friend. Possibly the education she acquired at Vassar has added "that bliss which only centers in the mind."

APPROACHING the case of Gertrude Elliott, an opportunity is afforded to slosh round in sentiment ankle deep. Ha! Here is a theatre marriage to quell the carpers with! Miss Elliott married Johnston Forbes-Robertson eighteen years ago and they think it was eight! Not a breath of question as to their happiness has ever stirred. So far as anybody knows that anybody is happy, everybody knows the Forbes-Robertsons are happy. Maxine Elliott, said by her intimates to be a bit of a skeptic toward men and marriage, gets immense pleasure from her sister's children and her sister's delightful home in Bedford Square, London.

Leo Ditrichstein and Josephine Wehrle, have stayed continuously married to each other for twenty-two years. No further comment needed.

Geraldine Farrar gave up a gloriously romantic freedom to become Mrs. Lou-Tellegen and I have it from her own lovely lips that Lou "is the most wonderful husband in the universe!" It is Gerry's first and, she insists, will be her only marriage, whereas Mr. Tellegen in his blind youth had a preliminary matrimonial canter which won no prize.

Tully Marshall and his wife, Marian Fairfax, the dramatist, appear to hit it off perfectly. They became yokemates twenty years ago and trouble has not yet been trumpeted upon the Rialto nor along the shores of Shoreham where is their home.

Perhaps it is too soon to hold up Elsie Ferguson and her husband, Thomas Clarke, as examples of marital stability since they are but little past the newlywed period. Those who know the cultured intelligence and spiritual fineness of Miss Ferguson, however, count upon this meeting as both wise and lasting.

The same may be said of Frank Craven and his wife, Mary Blythe, formerly Mrs. Arnold Daly. Yet their friends are ready to gamble everything from Liberty Bonds to last year's birds-nests that the Cravens are as suited to each other as tea and toast. Mary is the tea—the stimulating factor. If it were not for Mary, Frank would probably never collect his salary or see about having the car newly upholstered or the lawn barbered. If it were not for Frank there would not be the beautiful home at Great Neck or—or small John, aged half past two. They are happy and busy and wholesome and hospitable and perfect complements for each other. Q.E.D., they are a successful couple.

IF Jane Cowl has ever hurled the coffeepot at Adolph Klauber, or if Adolph has ever said damn and banged the door as he went off to the club, no one seems to have got wind of it. I met Mr. Klauber once in Miss Cowl's dressing-room and carried away the impression that *there* was a pair who had kept mutual interest well alive and were threatened with a long term of domestic harmony.

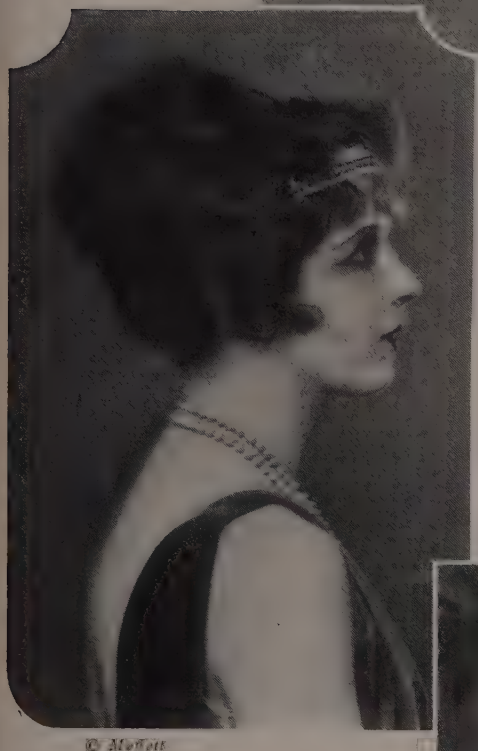
In March, 1913 (or was it September?) William Courtenay told me that no female had ever been born or ever would be who could rope-and-throw him into matrimony. The next day he up and married Virginia Harned (for seventeen years Mrs. E. H. Sothern), and I have never been able to learn that he was punished for ruining my story by being unhappy ever after. On the contrary, my bloodthirsty inquiries have always met with the assurance that they are one of the most flagrantly congenial of couples, theatrical or otherwise.

Margaret Illington (formerly Mrs. Daniel Frohman) after nine years, still takes tea with

Vayana

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

This attractive young player who achieved considerable success in "The Bird of Paradise," on tour, is now appearing in "Be Calm, Camilla," the comedy by Clare Kummer at the Booth Theatre. Early this season she was seen in "Mr. Barnum." Miss Monterey is under the management of Chamberlain Brown



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INA CLAIRE

"Polly With a Past" has brought Miss Claire to the front as one of the most promising of our younger actresses. After a long New York run, "Polly" is now being presented in other cities

EVELYN EGERTON

Who was a stately and beautiful figure as the haughty daughter of the governor in the English operetta recently presented here, "The Maid of the Mountains"

Bushnell

CLARA MOORES

Duplicating the hit she made on Broadway as leading lady with William Hodge on tour

WITH THE YOUNGER PLAYER FOLK

her second husband, Edward J. Bowes, after an arduous day buying curtains for their romantic country place in the Hastings hills.

The Favershams, of all stage people, are perhaps the most validly consorted pair to be found. They have been married seventeen years and one has only to step into the library of their old brick house on East 17th Street to sense the atmosphere of adjustment and permanence. The chairs are fat and worn-looking, easy to body and mind, like everything else in the room. There are many thumbed books and a hard-working desk, and friendly, autographed pictures of celebrities about. Whether the two boys, Will and Phil, are present or not, the true spirit of familyship is.

"There's just this about marriage," contributes Mrs. Faversham. "It is as much a profession as your stage career. You've got to view it as such, and do the same things to make your marriage successful as you do to make your career so. Being considerate I should place as the first and foremost thing. It covers so much. It covers the curbing of the ego—which is the rock most marriages split upon. It covers compromise, without which life cannot be lived at all. It covers the discipline of one's temper and temperament, the 'giving in' upon all points which do not involve a weakening of character.

"To the wife or husband who can be considerate in the finest and fullest meaning of the word, and to that can add *activity*—some definite, useful *work* which earns the other's respect—I guarantee a marriage of warm companionship that will outlast the years of passion and make old age beautiful."

And now, having glimpsed seventeen stage marriages, we ask you to select seventeen of your own friends and perform the odious but interesting rite of making comparison. From our list we comb out one failure, a full dozen conspicuously successful matings, and the rest of at least fair comfortableness.

W. L. George, in his *Notes on Marriage*, finds after a close study of many cases, but *six per cent.* of successfully paired couples. And it has been stated in recent statistics that this country at large averages one divorce to every twelve persons. Do you, honest, now, find a better ratio among your acquaintances than sixteen to one?

You may say "Pish" or even "Tush," and offer a roster as long as your arm of cataclysmic marriages. Perfectly true. There is always Nat Goodwin. And there used to be Lillian Russell until she groped through a maze of entanglements to the clear level of her marriage to Alex Moore, with whom she lives in a sort of miraculous blush-rose serenity. There are many crossed and tangled wires in the theatre's matrimonial switchboard. But for every failure I will dig you up a pair of good team-mates like George Cohan and Agnes Nolan; Fred Stone and Alene Crater; Elsie Leslie and William Jefferson Winter; Richard Carle and Ella Clifford; Wilton Lackaye and Alice Evans; the W. H. Cranes; Isabel Irving and W. H. Thompson; the Blinns, Holbrook and Ruth; Alice Fischer and William Harcourt; Margaret Anglin and Howard Hull, and scores of others from whose divorce fees no lawyer has ever bought any automobiles.

You may also point triumphantly to the stars of the profession who have not assumed the yoke. But it is not provable that they have been frightened by the experiences of their fellow artists. Maude Adams's "love of solitude, animals and nature has led her to withdraw from the world, being happier thus than she would have been as the wife of any man and the mother of children," as David Belasco explains it.

The foremost Belasco actresses—Frances Starr, Ina Claire and Lenore Ulric—are also unwedded.

"Personally I consider it impossible," says Miss Starr, "to divide one's serious interest. I am unusually lucky too, in having a home. My sisters live with me and make an environment which, with my work in the theatre, satisfies me completely. If I had been lonely I should have married. Maybe yet I shall—when my stage ambitions are done."

"Look about you," said David Belasco, with that kind, papa-like smile of his, "and you will see that the really superb players are unmarried. None of the girls who act under my management are bound to singleness. They are free to fly away at any moment. I hate contracts. But marriage and stage work will not mix successfully. A jealous wife or an interfering husband ruins any young career. Let the actor who marries late choose a wife outside the profession, who will make a separate world of their home. And let the actress who marries be ready to leave the stage and devote herself body and soul to domestic things."

Domestic responsibility, on the other hand, drove the lovely Jane Grey upon the stage. Miss Grey, married at the age of Juliet and widowed at seventeen, with a girl and boy to make a home for and educate, surveyed her native Middlebury, Vt. with an eye to possibilities. There weren't any. So with a convent education and the face of a church-window angel, Miss Grey fared forth to earn. She learned to act because it paid nine times better than stenogging in an office. Success has never elaborated her quiet tastes.

"What success I have," says Jane, "is solely because of my children. I had to make good for their sakes. I owe them everything."

Children have a stronger influence on actor-folk than the layman knows. Blanche Bates and her husband, George Creel, behave as if there were nothing really important in the universe except their two babies. Eddie Foy has for years cheerfully taken eighth place behind his regiment of little Foys. Ed Wynn, who married Hilda, daughter of Frank Keenan, would rather talk kids than contracts. Pauline Hall keeps house with her daughter in Yonkers and can rarely be dragged from her puddings and preserve-making except to replenish Pauline Junior's party dresses or arrange for a new course of Pauline Junior's music studies.

When old friends say "Oh, Polly, go back to the stage; you're as handsome as ever, don't bury yourself up here!" she answers, "Shush—don't bother me. I'm happier here with the youngster."

Louise Drew, "that little divvle Bee Drew," has gone and married wild Jack Devereux, and now the baby son threatens to sober down the entire family, and anchor it in the Long Island wilderness.

By these tokens it looks as though the stage were not so much a realm of soapbubble marriages as it has been painted. Even as a matrimonial bureau for the aristocracy of Wall Street, Pittsburg and Great Britain, it makes not so bad a showing.

August Belmont and Eleanor Robson have lived as placidly as your Uncle Abner and Aunt Susan up in Scamcat County. William E. Corey and his Mabelle have not been heard calling for help. Edna May, who wedded a millionaire Lewisohn, has many years of happy English life to look back upon. There is the classic, long-term marriage of Mary Anderson and Antonio F. de Navarro which has been without rift or flurry for twenty-nine years. And are we not always hearing of London's former Gayety girls who have stepped gracefully into the peerage and gracefully and graciously remain there, doing war work?

Taking it by and large, then, we insist that theatrical marriages are as lasting as most. And that it's no fair taking Nat for a standard.

P.S.: Despite rumors about No. Six, up to the time of going to press, Mr. Goodwin has only been married five times.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Trixie Friganza's real name is Delia O'Callahan and that before she received parental consent to go on the stage, she ran away and joined a repertoire company, for which her father had her arrested by a policeman?

Billie Burke was named "Billie" because her father was certain that "it" would be a boy and named her before her birth?

Avery Hopwood, author of "Fair and Warmer" and other successful farces, merely considers them "pot-boilers" and hopes sometime in future to succeed as a novelist?

Olga Nethersole has nursed two thousand soldiers in her garden at Hampstead Heath, just outside of London, since the beginning of the war, after having been rejected as a Red Cross nurse on account of a weak heart?

President Wilson and John D. Rockefeller play the violin?

Julia Marlowe's name was Sarah Frost?

Jascha Heifetz was held up and robbed of a decoration given him by the late Czar, during a Petrograd riot before he came to this country?

Percy Haswell never appears on the stage without an elephant in bronze, gold, ivory or wood attached to a bracelet, necklace or ring?

Madam Schumann-Heink began her operatic studies after she had been dismissed from a choir in Dresden, because she forgot to sing when the King of Saxony entered the church and attracted her attention from the conductor's baton, which came down sharply over her knuckles?

Harry Williams received a fortune from the sales of "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree," which he wrote on a street-car late one night?

David Belasco tried "over-head lighting" effects on the stage when he was so short of funds that he was obliged to employ a bull's-eye lantern?

Frank Tinney is a licensed embalmer and that Tully Marshall once worked for an undertaker, before he became an actor and actually wore the fringe from a hearse on his costume (as a prince) when he made his first stage appearance?

Nazimova once pushed a wheel-cart holding her costumes and baggage through the streets of London—when she was too poor to pay the cartage from the railway station to the theatre at which she was to appear?

NATALIE MANNING

Supporting her uncle, Louis Mann, in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson. Although successful in amateur theatricals, this is Miss Manning's first appearance on the professional stage

Mishkin

BETH MARTIN

Who is in the cast of "Lightnin'" hopes one day to be as popular on the legitimate stage as her father, Riccardo Martin, has been on the operatic stage

White

BLYTHE DALY

Arnold Daly's daughter made her début this season as Miss Fletcher, a Red Cross Nurse, in the patriotic play "Getting Together"—and a charming nurse she was, too

FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF THEIR ELDERS

Brunel

ROLAND WEST

Whose initial output, "The Unknown Purple," now at the Lyric Theatre, augurs well for his future as a producer and playwright. Mr. West not only presented the piece, but is mainly responsible for its authorship

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LEON GORDON

Who made a successful American début both as actor and playwright in "Watch Your Neighbor." As the "silly ass" Englishman he proved himself a capable actor, and as co-author, a promising playwright

ANTHONY PAUL KELLY

The author of "Three Faces East" is only twenty-two years old, and is now a U. S. sailor. Two years ago he won quick fame as a motion picture scenario writer. "Three Faces East" is Mr. Kelly's first play

THREE PLAYWRIGHTS WHO HAVE PLEASED BROADWAY

A CHAT WITH CYRIL MAUDE

The popular English star soon to retire permanently from the stage

CYRIL MAUDE is very English and particularly typical of a certain class of British life, speech is delightful to the ear, the speech of a well-bred man, British in every detail with the true appreciation of the value of vowels and consonants always observed.

Rather younger in person than the average he is still yet in bearing with a mien dignity the fifty-six years to which he confessed, for it was on the 1st of April, 1862 that the subject of this sketch was born in London, son of Colonel Charles H. Maude and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Maude.

Charterhouse, the home of Thackeray's boyhood, was where Mr. Maude received his education. Leaving school, it was then off for the stage—a real vocation in his artistic spirit has since demonstrated—as Mr. Maude began to study under the tuition of that sterling actor, Charles Cartwright. But his health was not what it should be and he left the name to Oxford, later returning to Denver, Colorado. The morning air of that glorious climate worked its wonders and in January, 1881, he made his stage debut in "Our Boys" as a sergeant. During September that year the tour of the company and Cyril Maude became the sole support of Miss Rose Leclercq, who he returned to England and as Mr. Pickup in "The Ghost Driver Card" at the Criterion began the series of successful parts that was to accumulate rapidly, the time with the Lyceum ends the next thirty years.

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Cyril Maude and Laura Hope Crews in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire

HERE in New York we have more than an abundance of first-class theatres. The great difficulty lies now to find players capable in intelligence and technique to properly hold down their stages. What a distinguished artiste—in our fair parochials of the powers endowments—that he is disposed to retire from active work, a much-vexed sigh of regret can be the only reminder to the announcement.

Mr. Maude says he is going to retire next this season will probably end his career on the metropolitan boards and that after some few performances in London—they will not be called farewells for Maude doesn't believe in that—he will vast quite unofficially and unceremoniously from private life. What can signalize as more fair, one something to which he justly entitled after so many years of strenuous work upon the stage.

"I owe my profession" said Mr. Maude and shall retire with genuine regret but I feel that a man owes something to himself. If at the age of fifty-six he feels able to retire and my stage exertions have earned me a competency, not a great one—to retire on I feel I should be unjust to myself if I didn't take the opportunity to read and enjoy those sports to which I am passionately fond but the enormous remoteness of my profession have never given me an opportunity to engage in. I don't intend, by any means to remain permanently idle. I have distinct ambitions which I hope later to realize—but of that more anon. Some people regard the actor's life as a pleasure just a few hours of acting every day and then nothing to do until to-morrow. Those who are in the know appreciate that this rosy picture by no means measures up to the fact—especially if he happens to be that much overrated personage—an actor-manager and a very considerable part of my London career was spent in that dual capacity. You remember the story of the timid Englishman who went on the stage.

"How do you like your new calling?" he was asked.

"Acting is all right, he replied "but the great drawback is it cuts so horribly into one's social engagements."

"A good deal of truth is contained in that epigram if you stop to consider.

"Six years after my London debut, I was at Wyndhams. It was there that I acted Cool in "London Assurance" and Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." Later, as I grew in artistic stature, I added Sir Peter, in Sheridans sparkling comedy to my repertoire. I tried to give you a taste of my quality in old comedy by presenting some years since at a benefit, the Screen Scene in which I appeared as Lady Teazle's somewhat distracted husband. I had hoped also to give you a revival of 'The Clandestine Marriage'; but plays of this character are so expensive to produce these days and under the new stage conditions prevailing it is really so difficult to properly cast them, that I had to abandon the project. I am really of a distinctly shy disposition and I don't like to talk too much about myself, but I think Lord Ogleby is one of my best creations and though I have no histrionic preferences it is a professional joy to give life and speed to the dear old beau.

"For three years, 1893 to 1896, I was with Comyns Carr at the Comedy where 'Sowing the Wind,' 'Frou-Frou' and 'The Benefit of the Doubt' were some of the big successes in which I appeared. As you know, 'character' is the line of work to which I have largely adhered.

IN October, 1896, I entered into partnership with Frederic Harrison in the management of the Haymarket, a combination which lasted just about ten years. As I before remarked, when you manage and act too, you have your work cut out for you. But strenuous as those days were we had, I might say, our full quota of success, for among the productions made during that régime were 'Under the Red Robe,' 'A Marriage of Convenience,' 'The Little Minister,' the title rôle of which fell to my lot, 'The Manœuvers of Jane,' and revivals of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The Clandestine Marriage, 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal,' in which I severally appeared as Old Hardcastle, Lord Ogleby, Bob Acres and Sir Peter Teazle. During this period I also acted Eccles in 'Caste.' Heath Desmond, in 'Cousin Kate,' Major Christopher Bingham, in 'The Second in Command' and Captain Barley, in 'Beauty and the Barge.' The last two plays you may remember I appeared in during my first American season as a star at Wallacks.

"While the Playhouse in London was building for me, by arrangement, I appeared under the direction of Charles Frohman, in 'Toddles.' It was a sad day for the profession when the insatiate Hun sent that charming man and most liberal-minded manager to his watery grave.

"At the Playhouse, under my sole direction, I produced 'The Earl of Pawtucket,' 'The Flag Lieutenant' and 'Pomander Walk.' Shortly afterwards, I came to America and with the exception of Canadian and Australian tours I have remained here ever since 'Grumpy' brought me that American recognition which it shall ever be my privilege to gratefully recollect. I only hope that my present offering will have a pleasant thought of me when I shall have exchanged the exactions of grease-paint, scenery and plays for the fishing rod, the gun and the bicycle."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

CHOOSING THE PLAY

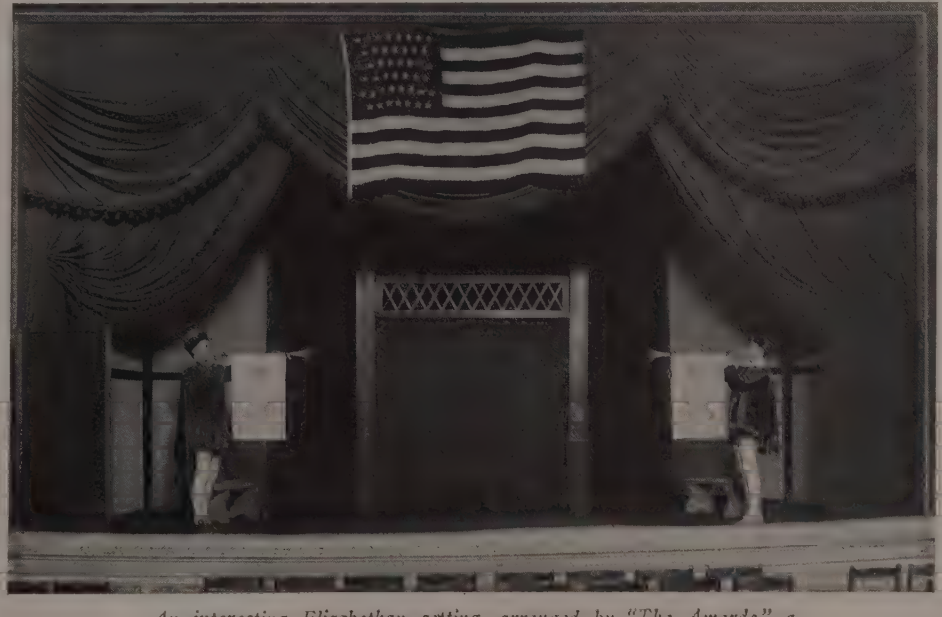
THE first important question which arises after the decision to give a play, is "What play?" Only too often is this question answered in a haphazard way. Of recent years a large number of guides to selecting plays have made their appearance, but many of them are incomplete and otherwise unsatisfactory. The large lists issued by play publishers are bewildering.

Each play considered by any organization should be read by the director or even the whole club or cast, after the requisite conditions have been considered. These conditions usually are:

Size and Ability of Cast

THIS is obviously a simple matter: a cast of ten cannot play Shakespeare.

This is a little more difficult. While it is a laudable ambition to produce Ibsen, let us say, no high-school students are sufficiently mature or skilled to produce "A Doll's House." As a rule, the well-known classics—Shakespeare, Molière, Goldoni, Sheridan, Goldsmith—suffer much less from inadequate acting and production than do modern dramatists. The opinion of an expert, or at least of some one who has had experience in coaching amateur plays, should be sought and acted upon. If, for example, "As You Like It" is under consideration, it must be borne in mind that the rôle of Rosalind requires delicate and subtle acting, and if no suitable woman can be found for that part, a simpler play, like "The Comedy of Errors," had much better be substituted. Modern plays are on the whole more difficult; the portrayal of a modern character calls for greater variety, maturity, and skill than the average amateur possesses. The characters in Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" ("The Merchant Gentleman"), Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," Sheridan's "The Rivals," are more or less well-known types, and acting of a conventional and imitative kind is better suited to them. On the other hand, only the best-trained amateurs are able to impart the needful appearance of life and actuality to a play like Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars." Still, there are many modern plays—among them, Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"—in which no great subtlety of characterization is called for. These can be produced as easily by amateurs as can Shakespeare and Sheridan.



An interesting Elizabethan setting, arranged by "The Amards," a Dramatic Society at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Kind of Play

to be presented usually raises many questions which are entirely without the scope of purely dramatic considerations. In this country especially, there is a studied avoidance among schools and often among colleges and universities, of so-called "unpleasant plays." Without entering into the reasons for this aversion, it is rather fortunate, because as a general rule, "thesis," "sex," and "problem" plays are full of pitfalls for amateur actors and producers.

While it is a splendid thing to believe no play too good for amateurs, some moderation is necessary where a play under consideration is obviously beyond the ability of a cast: "Hamlet" ought never to be attempted by amateurs, nor such subtle and otherwise difficult plays as "Man and Superman." Plays of the highest merit can be found which are not so taxing as these. There is no reason why Sophocles' "Electra," Euripides' "Alcestis," or the comedies of Lope de Vega, Goldoni, Molière, Kotzebue, Lessing, not to mention the better-known English classics, should not be performed by amateurs.

It goes without saying that the facile, trashy, "popular comedies of the past two or three generations are to be avoided by amateurs who take their work seriously. Nor does this mean that all farces and comedies should be left out of the repertory: "The Magistrate" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" are among the finest farces in the language. The point to be impressed is that it is better to attempt a play which may be more difficult to perform than "Charley's Aunt," than to give a good performance of that oft-acted and decidedly hackneyed piece. It is much more meritorious to produce a good play poorly, if need be, than a poor play well.

If, after having consulted the lists which are gotten out by various play-brokers, the club is still unable to decide on a suitable modern play, the best course is to return to the classics. It is likely that the plays that have pleased audiences for centuries will please us. Aristophanes' "The Clouds" and "Lysistrata," with a few necessary "cuts"; Plautus' "The Twins," and Terence's "Pharmio": Goldoni's "The Fan"; Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" and half a dozen other comedies: Molière's "Merchant Gentleman" and "Doctor in Spite of Himself"; Sheridan's "The Rivals" and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer"; Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm"—almost any one of these is "safe." A classic can never be seen too often and, since true amateurs are those who play for the joy of playing, they will receive ample recompense for their efforts in the thought that they have at least added their mite to the sum total of true enjoyment in the theatre. Another argument in favor of the performance of the classics is that they are rarely produced by professionals. If an amateur club revives a classic, especially one which is not often seen nowadays, it may well be proud of its efforts.

If, however, the club insists on giving a modern play, it will have little difficulty in finding suitable material. It is well not to challenge comparison with professional productions by choosing plays which have had professional runs of late.

The material for this article was taken from Barrett H. Clark's book "How to Produce Amateur Plays," published by Little, Brown & Company.

DRAMATICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By

CONSTANCE HIGHMOOR

THE far-western city of Vancouver, British Columbia, is not without its college dramatic society. With a population of about 125,000, Vancouver is the seat of the provincial university, with an enrollment of over six hundred students, though many others are away at the front. In 1915, the first year of the college, a group of students interested in dramatics came together through the initiative of Prof. Frederic G. C. Wood, a graduate of McGill and Harvard, and a member of the English department. Under his guidance as Honorary President and Director, the Players' Club came into being.

With a limited membership of forty, a cast was selected for the initial venture, the four-act comedy, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," by Jerome K. Jerome. There were many difficulties in the way: the club was young, the majority of the actors inexperienced, and the temporary college buildings,—due to war-time conditions,—were minus an auditorium. But working with a will, the club staged their performance in the spring term at a city theatre, and awoke the next morning to find themselves famous. It was termed the best amateur production ever seen in Vancouver. The handsome returns were donated to the Red Cross Society. At this time a company was being formed in the college as a part of the 196th Western Universities Battalion, and by request, the play was repeated in three of the Coast cities for its benefit. The leading rôle in these performances was taken by Jessie Todhunter, a sophomore student of undoubted talent, who is now pursuing her art as a professional in New York City. During the same year, Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look" was given privately, and Lily Tinsley's pathetic little playlet, "Cinders" was used as a curtain raiser.

The second year in the club's history saw progressive studies. It was decided to give four one-act plays at Christmas, the casts of which would be chosen from the new members so as to give them an opportunity to show their real worth. These were given privately before the club and its invited friends. Those presented were "Rosalie," by Max Mauray; "Modesty," by Paul Hervieu; "Op-o'-me-Thumb," by Feon and Pryce, and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." The second annual spring play was Zangwill's fascinating "Merely Mary Ann." Two performances were given in Vancouver and two in the capitol city of Victoria, under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor.

The following year saw four other playlets given in the first half of the session. These were Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" "Lonesome-Like," by Brighouse, "The Land of Heart's Desire," of Yeats, and Lord Dunsany's "Lost Silk Hat." This time two evenings were set apart for these private performances. The selection for the spring public performance was more ambitious than in the previous two years, but it met with great success. It was Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which proved a fitting artistic climax to the three years' work. Given as were the other performances, for patriotic purposes, no less than $831 was realized as the net profit of these two Vancouver performances of the Barrie play.

Although less than half of the members may be fortunate enough to be given an acting part, the entire club shares in the responsibility of production. The executive of eight is kept busy with the business affairs of the club, while the details of staging are in the hands of various committees. As the plays are give entirely for patriotic purpose, or in the case of the private performances with no money involved at all, the club has to procure its many stage properties and costumes with very little expenditure. An adequate auditorium with a stage was supplied by the college authorities after the first year, and on this are staged the programmes of short plays. The Property Committee depends upon the good-will of its many friends to supply its needs, while those in charge of the costumes manage to clothe the cast, with great ingenuity in procuring suitable attire at little cost. The scenery and lighting are in the hands of the men members, and as a result of careful planning, the "tout ensemble" has always been most pleasing.

THE Players' Club has proven of great value not only to the students themselves, but to the general public who have given most hearty endorsement to the efforts. In these days of war-time conservation, that have characterized the last four years in Canada, there are few modern plays of worth presented by traveling companies on the Coast during a season. As a consequence, these well-staged performances of the college amateurs have won a wide, popular favor.

While proud of their artistic success, and reminiscent of the added pleasure that these productions have given to memories of college days, the members of the Players' Club are most happy over the splendid financial results of their efforts. In the three years of their activities, this energetic group of amateurs has cleared over $2,100 for war-time purposes.

A scene from a recent production of "Merely Mary Ann," with Viva Martin, Nora Coy, Russell Hunter and Helena Bodie

"Alice Sit-by-t
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IN WHICH THE EVER TRUTHFUL CAMERA POINTS THE WAY TO THE PERFECTION ATTAINED BY AMATEURS, FROM NEW ENGLAND TO THE WESTERN COAST

A clever amateur danseuse, Miss Ruth N. Straus, of Louisville, Ky., who twice each year appears at the French Lick Springs Hotel, in a series of classic dances, for charity

Maxwell Erbaugh and Hazel Thornton, as they appeared dancing the Minuet, in the play "The Traitor," given by the graduating class of the Denver North Side High School. The play made a decided hit and brought to the fore the exceptional talent of the amateurs who took part. We advocate a dramatic club in every high school in the country

A really charming "Tosca" convincingly impersonated by Demetrius S. Zades, one of a clever group of young Greeks, who make up the membership of the Apollo Dramatic Club of Springfield, Mass. The club has successfully produced a number of amateur plays for charity, and more recently "La Tosca," with a cast composed entirely of men

THE STROLLERS' DRAMATIC CLUB OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, BY CHARME SEEDS

FIRST in dramatic achievement, first in business management and first in social attainment is the claim the Strollers Dramatic Club of Ohio State University is making for itself. This society boasts an alumni group which is closely allied with and just as active as the student group.

Organization has been the key word of the success of Strollers for the twenty-five years of its existence. During these years it has evolved an organization which is co-operated under a board of directors in which the student group, the alumni group and the university faculty are represented. Operating under this board, which is made up of two faculty members, two student members and two alumni, the Strollers yearly present two sets of plays. At Christmas time a group of one-act plays is presented in the college chapel and in the spring a longer play is given in one of the town theatres. The annual spring play is the big piece of work of the student group and is rehearsed under the hand of a professional director for seven or eight weeks preceding its public appearance. The casts of the Christmas plays are made up of both the alumni and the students and the plays in these groups are coached by alumni members.

COMPETITION is the basis on which Strollers is operated. By this method new material is selected, plays are cast, business and advertising managers are chosen. The acting material is selected through a "try-out" in the fall of each year, open to any upper class man. The judges, who make the selections at the "try-outs," are called in from among the dramatic drama in the university. As a rule nearly a hundred students appear at the try-outs and about a dozen are chosen to supplement the active members in their work for the year. Those who have passed the preliminary try-outs are then on a competitive basis with the old members for the cast of the spring play. The Christmas casts are made up from material at hand within the organization and alumni members.

The business and advertising positions are open for competition. The managers of these departments for the ensuing year are selected from among those who have worked successfully under the foregoing management.

ADVERTISING is one of the prides of the Strollers both from an artistic and from a financial standpoint. The credit of the business success of the organization goes to the live, up-to-the-minute, effectively resourceful advertising department. An effort is made to incorporate the best advertising ideas in the country into the

Elizabeth Lyons and Newell Dobson in an exquisite scene from "Shades of Night," as produced by The Strollers

critics of the city newspapers and professors of advertising for these plays. Many times Stroller advertising is done on a larger scale than is used for the season's most spectacular successes. Bill-boards, half sheets, cards, hotel menu, newspapers and cast photographs are used in the publicity campaigns.

Besides the regular campus and city productions Strollers appear at various State institutions and in different Ohio towns using dramatics as educational propaganda for the university.

To professional coaching, the selection of plays, business opportunities and the social life of the organization is attributed the drawing success of Strollers. Carl Burton Robbins, a former Stroller, now professional actor and director has coached the spring productions a half dozen times and has also designed many of the sets used in Stroller productions. Ernest Elton, for many years in support of Otis Skinner, has also coached Stroller productions.

LOUIS A. COOPER, professor of dramatics in Ohio State University, guided Strollers through its upward climb. In 1909 his own play, "Bluff," presented by Strollers, scored such a

One of the striking posters especially designed for The Strollers. These clever amateurs believe that "It Pays to Advertise"

success that it proved one of the landmarks in the climb toward the ideals the society has set for itself. Mr. Cooper, with William Lucius Graves, professor in the English department of the university, and for many years actively interested in the life and progress of the organization, are the faculty representatives on the board of directors.

For the past six years the interests of the organization have been closely wrapped about the shoulders of Ray Lee Jackson, at present alumni representative on the board of directors. Within this time Mr. Jackson has coached a half-dozen Stroller plays, acted on the board, and in general has been the moving spirit of the organization.

In the selection of plays, which is made by the board, an effort is made to ferret out the best things among English and American drama to which Stroller material is adaptable. It is often a difficulty to find a play which is a good vehicle for the best talent in the group. And often a play which might be otherwise admirably suited to Strollers cannot find its particular lead among the members. Two notable examples, in this organization, of successfully cast plays were Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" and Rupert Henry Davies' "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace."

AMONG the shorter plays in which Strollers have appeared are: "Playgoers," by Pinero; "The Bracelet," by Sutro; "The Dear Departed," by Houghton; "The Fifth Commandment," by the same author; Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony," Arnold Bennett's "A Question of Sex," Sudermann's "Far-away Princess" and "Shades of Night." by R. Marshall.

"The Schoolmistress," by Pinero; "The Magistrate," by the same author, and "The Manœuvers of Jane," by Henry Arthur Jones. Two original comedies, "The Clean-up" and "So Help Me," by Carl Burton Robbins. "She Stoops To Conquer" and "The Rivals" are numbered among the longer performances given in recent years by Strollers.

The compiling of a history of the club is one of the interesting features of Strollers. This work includes the history, roster of members from date of organiaztion in 1893, and a library of photographs of individual members, groups and scenes from the various plays. The compilation is the work of Frank A. Hunter, Ohio State Legislator (now a Captain in United States Army overseas) and Ray Lee Jackson.

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TYPES—

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON AMERICAN BEAUTY

By
ANNE ARCHBALD

AMERICAN beauty! Think of all the adjectives that go with the American beauty rose and you will have Miss Pearson's type, color and radiance, brilliancy combined with sweetness, dash with a certain stateliness. Incidentally, Miss Pearson has dark grey eyes—that is they are dark grey when they aren't busy being otherwise, black with hazel lights, say, or brown, or something indescribable—a rose petal skin and a frame of soft, dark curly hair.

And her wonderful and extensive wardrobe, both for her own personal use and for the screen is entirely in harmony with her type. A real American beauty wardrobe! Particularly is she a specialist in hats, of which she possesses fifty-two varieties, collecting them as other people collect antiques. Marvellous hats, they are too, I can vouch for it. Her advice is to buy always hats that are individual, that are suited to your type and only sufficiently in the mode not to make them conspicuous. That way you can wear them several seasons and they will not go out of fashion. That way too it will redeem for you any seeming extravagance of numbers.

"Never wear things that are too hard to get on," is another splendid piece of advice Miss Pearson gives. "Clothes should have as few hooks as possible, and a careless, easy look. If you lose your temper putting them on you lose your charm along with it."

All Miss Pearson's hats and frocks come from Giddings, and her furs from A. Jaeckel & Co., and from Shayne's.

Photos Ira L. Hill

A matinée coatee of mink coming just to the waist line in front and a little below in back, that is to be worn over a very dressy afternoon frock. Everything should be dressy to be in keeping with such a coat, Miss Pearson says, shoes, accessories hat. The latter is a wonder—of black Chantilly lace, both crown and brim, with double birds of pale yellow Paradise coming out of either side

"Hats can make or mar you in the daytime, just as your hair or a headpiece can do in the evening," Miss Pearson maintains, and is absolutely right. This hat for evening restaurant wear is of black velvet faced with orchid, its trimming a wreath of orchid feathers to match the facing, the long flues tinted with blue and pastel shades and caught down with little French roses. The coat is a genuine Russian sable for very formal afternoon or evening wear

Photo Ira L. Hill

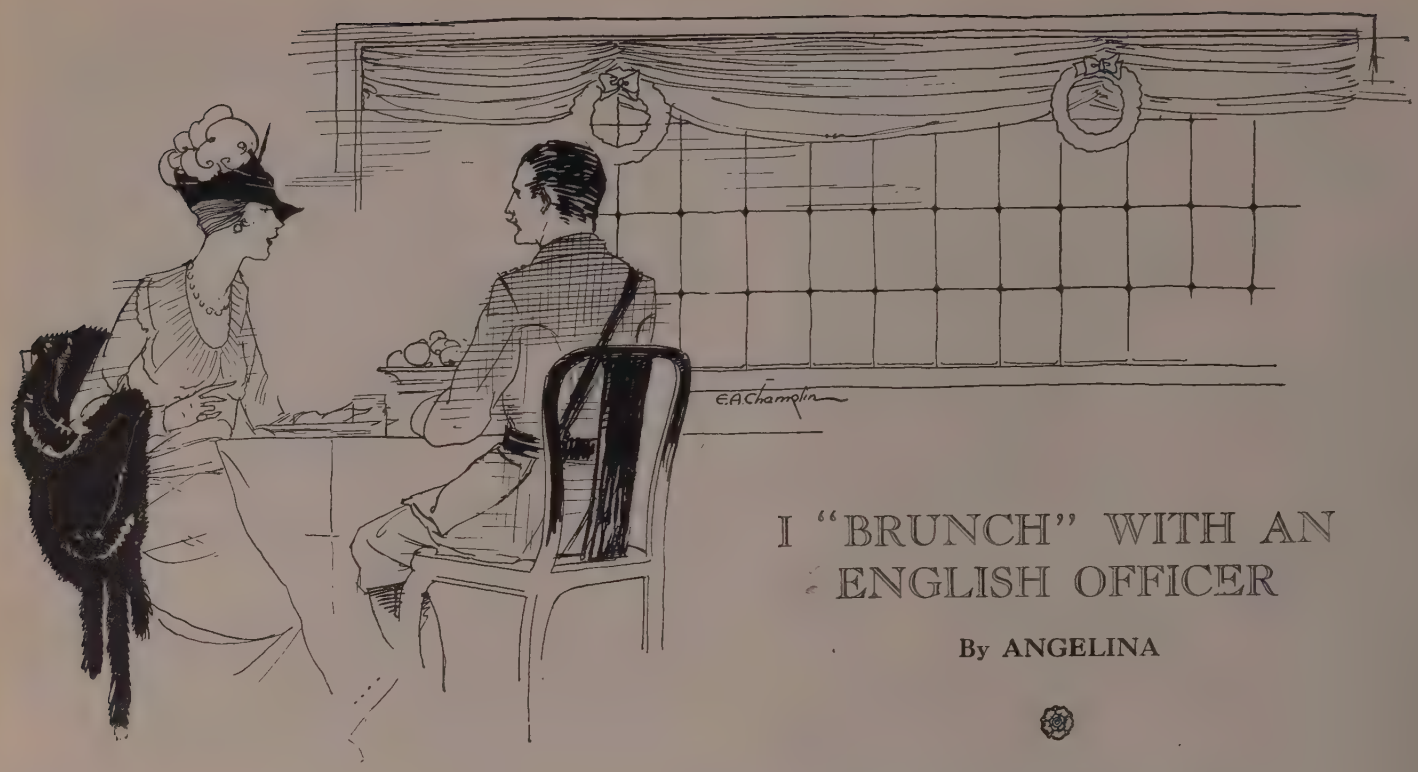
A gown of the supplest royal blue velvet with large American beauty roses printed on it with bits of yellow autumn effects. Down the right side drip iridescent blue beads. The slippers and stockings are gold color, the fan a vivid green—Miss Pearson, you see, is not afraid of color—and the headdress, a band of brilliants, with black birds of paradise

Underwood & Underwood

This theatre bodice of iridescent beads exemplifies Miss Pearson's belief that clothes should be made to go on easily. It swathes around the form, fastens easily on the side under a gold flower, and is to be worn with a black velvet skirt. The hat is of a peculiar purple velvet and the paradise plumes are in gold color to match the gold flower

Photo Ira L. Hill

"I feel the same way about my hats and frocks and friends," Miss Pearson told us. "Once they have weathered a storm I am that much more attached to them." Here are two of her favorites, a moleskin coat with silver fox collar and another of her wonderful hats, of French purple velvet with purple plumes, lavender silver around the brim and the top wreathed in it



I "BRUNCH" WITH AN ENGLISH OFFICER

By ANGELINA

"BRUNCH" is one of those Humpty Dumpty words that pack two meanings away in one. The Oxford men originated it for that hybrid repast that combines something of the character and hour of breakfast with still more of the character and hour of lunch. I had it the other morning with an English officer and he told me. "Brunch," for instance, would be what Simple Septimus used to have when he went to the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo around three in the afternoon. You remember? An absinthe frappé, a poached egg, and a Pêche Melba? We tried hard to live up to the epic simplicity of that standard, but the best we could do was: oatmeal—pardon me, *porridge*—lobster salad, and Biscuit Tortonis.... After "brunch" I was to lead my officer to the best shop for buying a smart Christmas present or two. "Giving a Christmas *box*" is how he put it.

* * *

Our conversation was most interesting. Englishmen *are* nice to talk to. I hope I'm not committing any *lèse-majesté* by saying so—after all, there's nothing like our own American men, is there?—but they have such a receptiveness to and entire concentration on the subject in hand and such a pleasing method of interrogation about "you, yourself," curious and interested and yet not a bit impertinent.

I had to tell just what it was I did and how I did it and where and when. Weren't the American shops wonderful? And the theatres? Wasn't it splendid for me to have my work lie in and around them? It was so jolly for a girl to do things. Hadn't this war proved it? And didn't the men admire them for it, though? His Mother and his sisters now.... What they'd done....! He couldn't express his admiration.... Speaking of home, what did I the specialist in such matters think of this platinum watch chain that he was sending over for Christmas? He had gone into the shop imagining he would have to buy white gold or silver, but they still had a sufficient supply of platinum on hand, and now that the war is over there would soon be more, so he had purchased the platinum instead. It really was so much softer and richer a metal in tone than either the silver or the white gold that there was no comparison. It was well worth the difference in price.

Oh, forgive him for seeming to let his eyes wander, but really, my word, would I please observe those two "gerls" just coming in, the one in the service costume and the other behind her with the what-d'ye-call-'em hobble skirt. What a contrast! How well the first one walked and carried herself. And how perfectly ridiculous the other one looked, mincing and hopping along. Like a gymkhana pillow slip race.

Otherwise quite a pretty girl. Why did women in this day and generation do such silly, antiquated things?

Because they thought men liked them, I said.

All wrong. Men didn't. Not real men, anyway. The feminine lure being what it is they tolerated it on occasions, that was all.

Paris thought, I added, that the men who had been at the front had seen so much of war that they didn't want reminders of it around, service costumes or anything. That they would now prefer to see all the paraphernalia of the ultra-feminine.

Feminine, yes, my dear girl, but not ultra, which spells idiocy! And a service costume now might be entirely feminine, even though the costume was based on the English soldier's tunic. Had I noticed, by the way, how well the jackets of the women of the Motor Service Corps looked? That was because his friend, Colonel Thorde-Grey, now on his way to command a division in Russia, had, when the Motor Corps was first started, lent his own tunic to its captain to be copied.

So might a hat be feminine, even though borrowing its suggestion from the masculine counterpart. The Blue Devils' tams, for instance. It was so jolly, he thought, the way the women had taken the shape up. He saw tam o' shanters all over town on the young girls and women, in lovely colors. ("He certainly shows that he has been well trained by sisters," I told myself.) Not so many Bersaglieri hats. They weren't apt to be generally becoming. It took a certain type to wear them. He had met a very beautiful young married woman at tea the other afternoon wearing one....olive skin and dark eyes, like an Italian. She had looked perfectly ripping with the green cock's plume floating around her face.

* * *

We finished "brunch" and walked up the Avenue to Giddings, where I knew I had only to show my officer the famous half-moon vitrine that faces the entrance, overflowing with the milk and honey of things from Paris, to have him "go over the top" at once. He did, enthusiastically, carrying off three "Christmas boxes": One of the new canteen-shaped leather handbags in taupe color, beautifully lined with moire and

EVERYWHERE that well-dressed women congregate—at Sherry's, the Ritz, for luncheon, tea or war-work, it is unmistakably demonstrated that this is a silk season. There is the all-day dress of Pussy Willow Satin, simply fashioned in accord with war-time conservatism, but displaying the exquisite sheen of this satin and its subtle draping possibilities. Of course the fur wrap is lined in Mallinson's Pussy Willow Silk, that superior quality silk which is guaranteed to give you two seasons' wear. You'll be sure of the genuine Mallinson's Pussy Willow if you see the name on the selvage. Then there's the suit of Satin Duvetyn, the clever, new, reversible silk with the rich lustre of satin and a fuzzy soft duvetyn on the reverse, a silk that tailors like wool and has warmth without weight.

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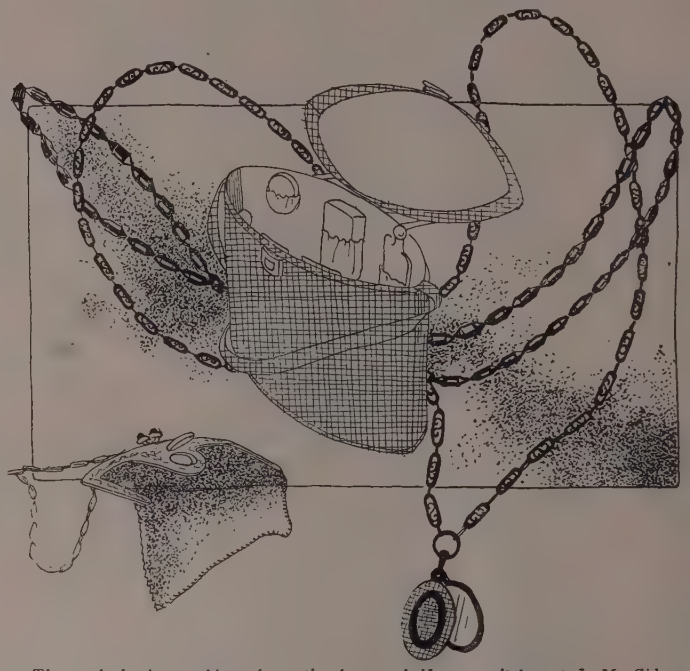
fitted with every entrancing small property for the toilet one could think of. A long chain of cut beads of Whitby jet. And an adorable silver link purse in whose top was set for utmost convenience, a little round powder-box. As all these things were the "very latest"—jet especially is to be extremely popular and the chains can be matched with beautiful high combs for the hair—and as they had the seal of approval of such a connoisseur I had my sketcher go and wing a duplicate of each, as you may see on this page.

Oh, I forgot. We purchased something else. A huge ostrich feather fan in rose, such as Miss Mary Nash carried in her last play. I advised that. Feather fans haven't abated a bit in popularity. At the opera they are in evidence in all the boxes, bright bits of color in the house. Nothing gives more effect than one of these big fans. And there were not only fans, but lovely little wraps of feathers to match. One woman, all in black, was quite enveloped in a floating, fluffy wrap of the feathers, with a big black feather fan mounted on amber sticks. It's all part of the revival of ostrich, I suppose.

Something else I purchased for Christmas. But alone, after I had parted from my cavalier. I couldn't very well take him along, because it was lingerie. I've made about half my presents lingerie this year. You can't have too much of it, and generally you haven't half enough. It's one of the most satisfactory presents there is to give. I amend that. It's one of the most satisfactory presents there is to give if the lingerie is the Van Raalte Niagara Maid—that Italian silk underwear which is made up in such enchanting patterns,



Three of the latest things from the famous half-moon vitrine at J. M. Giddings: one of the new canteen shaped leather hand-bags, lined with moiré and fitted: a string of real Whitby jet and a brilliant-studded locket: and a silver mesh bag and its attendant powder box.

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The VANITY BOX

ONE of the things "you all" readers of the Vanity Box are going to do during the next month is to pay a visit to the new establishment of Madame Helena Rubinstein. She is just opening it in that famous block on Fifty-seventh street, lying between Fifth and Sixth, where so many of the great ones of the earth, who minister to the art of being beautiful, are already congregated.

You can't miss the place if you pass through the street. Your eye will at once be arrested by the charming façade, white with little bright green window grills and Madame Rubinstein's name lettered in the same bright green across the front. There is a certain air of French gaiety about it and a distinct promise of other charming things offered inside, a promise that is not belied, I can assure you.

One goes directly off the street into what is called the "shop" part. First, a smallish entrance room with gold walls and ceiling and black painted columns at the four corners, later to be replaced by black marble ones that are on their way here from abroad. At the back, set into the wall, two glass fronted cases containing the magic Rubinstein preparations. Beyond this room the offices, and further back still a splendid scientifically up-to-date laboratory, white-tiled and porcelain-equipped, where the preparations are brought into being.

On the second floor are the treatment rooms, one front, one back. In between, a reception room done in modern art—deep blue walls and painted woodwork, silver ceiling, furniture upholstered in futuristic velvets.

Those treatment rooms.... Really too adorable. They did take my fancy. You feel the minute you cross the threshold that you must be participating in some particularly delicious musical comedy. The room proper is divided up into four or five cubbyholes—*cabinets particuliers* if you like—whose partitions go only half way up, are painted a flesh pink with a dash of mauve in it, have a garland of flowers across their middles and dear little round windows curtained closely with old blue silk. Old blue silk curtains hang at the front window. A curtain of pink wash net is shirred across the glass entrance door.

I can't begin to tell you of the infinite details that have been worked out for this wonderful place. All by Madame Rubinstein herself. For weeks she has had in the house—it is an old one remodelled—a retinue of carpenters, painters, marble polishers, sewing women, whom she has overseen and directed with untiring energy If she had not been the artist in the particular line that she is she could have made her reputation twice over as an interior decorator. Offers, in fact, were made her in Paris to embark on interior decorating, of such unusual artistic dictinction was her establishment there, with its collection of furniture and pictures and statuary. These, by the way, are all being brought from the other side, to take their place in the big reception room on the third floor and in Madame Rubinstein's own living apartments.

An extremely interesting feature of the house will be the decorations by a young Polish painter, Witold Gordon, whom Madame Rubinstein knew in Paris and who has recently come to America. His talent lies in several directions. As you go up the stairs from the first floor you will see his work in two large and interesting wall paintings: and around the reception room in a series of unusual and charming fan paintings. All the finishing touches, the gold garlands above the black pillars in the "shop," the decorations of the treatment booths, are of his designing. Incidentally so were the costumes for *La Forza del Destino,* recently produced at the Metropolitan.

Enfin I am perfectly safe in saying, though it is a large order, that there is not another such an establishment as Madame Rubinstein's in the world.

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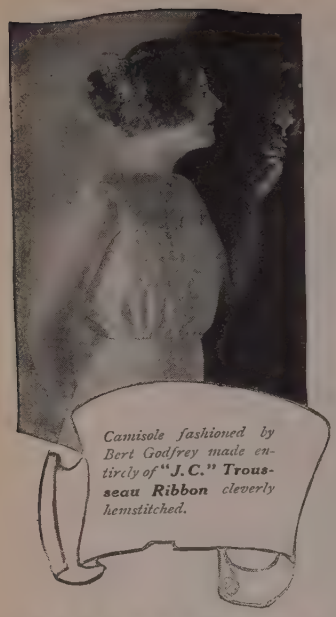

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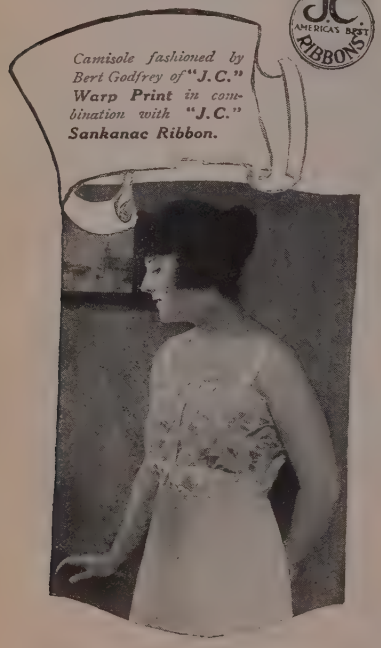

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 348)

destined to long life on Broadway.

It is a typical spy melodrama, built along old-fashioned conventional lines, with just enough garnishment of war to make it appear up-to-date. The German spy—and how ancient these gentlemen seem now—bends every Boche energy to obtain a marvellous gun invention.

Robert Edeson has a part similar to that of Guy Bates Post when he played in "The Masquerader." It is a dual rôle and Mr. Edeson does it quite well. But Henry E. Dixey as the aforesaid German spy, *Sartoni,* is alone worth the price of admission. Never has this versatile and finished actor done a better bit of characterization. If you like the best there is in contemporary acting take a long dash to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and see him.

Violet Kemble Cooper and Byron Beasley are also in the cast and acquitted themselves well under the circumstances.

* * *

LIBERTY. "GLORIANNA." Play with music in three acts. Book and lyrics by Catherine Chisholm Cushing; music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on October 28 with this cast:

Glorianna Grey	Eleanor Painter
Dolores Pennington	Dorothy South
Therese, Ltd.	Josephine Whittell
Tonio	Curtis Karpe
Mrs. Saphronia Pennington,	Ursula Ellsworth
Miss Angelica Pennington,	Rose McEntire
Lieutenant "Dick" Pennington,	Joseph Lertora
Jack Pennington	Ralph Whitehead
Alexander Galloway	Alexander Clark
Robbins	James Joseph Dunn
Nenette, Rintinin	Ergotti Twins
Jessica	Emily Lea
Porters	Gilbert Wells, C. Balfour Lloyd
Maids	Marguerite St. Clair, Elsie Lawson
Ring Bearer	Vera Dunn

GLORIANNA" is a "play with music"; not a musical comedy. The real comedy moments are few and far between, despite the efforts of several of the cast. The music is pretty and exceptionally well sung. Eleanor Painter as Glorianna Grey sings well and is given good vocal support by Joseph Lertora.

The play tells the story of a girl who masquerades as a widow, and affords the star ample opportunity for the rendition of several pretty melodies. The dancing is above the average. Emily Lea scored a hit with her graceful gyrations as did Gilbert Wells and C. Balfour Lloyd.

"Glorianna" is worth while for those who like good dancing, pretty girls, and pleasing melodies.

* * *

BROADHURST. "LADIES FIRST." Musical play in three acts based on "A Contented Woman." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by A. Baldwin Sloane.

Benny	Irving Fisher
Uncle Tody	William Kent
Aunt Jim	Florence Morrison
Brother Larry	Charles Olcott
Mr. Betts	Stanley Forde
Little Jack	Clarence Nordstrom
McGurk	Paul Burnes
D. C. Washington	Lew Cooper
A Policeman	A. Twitchell
Betty Burt	Nora Bayes

LADIES FIRST," a musical version of one of the famous Hoyt farces brought "up to the minute" by Harry B. Smith, presents Nora Bayes as a sweet young suffragist who finds herself an opposition candidate to her fiancé for mayor of the village. The part is scarcely suited to this popular vaudevillian's talents and it was as herself that she pleased the audience most.

Irving Fisher, as the fiancé, sang well. But the hit of the piece was William Kent as the diminutive, brow-beaten husband. His scenes with Florence Morrison, his loud-voiced suffrage leader wife, and particularly the final scene of rebellion, were a scream.

* * *

39TH STREET. "NOT WITH MY MONEY." Comedy in four acts by Edward Clark. Produced on October 25 with this cast:

Graham	Basil West
Colored Waiter	Dyke Thomas
"Dicky" Foster, alias J. Robert Fulton,	Lowell Sherman
"Penknife" Clay, alias Rev. Dr. Crane,	Walter Wilson
Amy Legrande	Carroll McComas
Mrs. Wheeler	Cecelia Griffith
Rosalie	Peggy Coudray
Angelica Butterfield	Beverly Westmore
Henry Porter	Carl Gerard
Mortimer Gayling	William Robyns
Mr. Cooley	Robert W. Smiley
Mrs. Cooley	Minnie Milne

THE crooks in "Not With My Money" only had a short sojourn on Broadway, for the piece was quickly withdrawn.

A young heiress advertises in the papers for an agent to manage a charity fund of $7,000,000. A confidence man, after a short interview, gains possession of the money. When the heiress learns of his real character, sure of his final reformation, she allows him to continue his position.

Although the lines were clever and bright, the piece suffered from the absurdity of the plot. Lowell Sherman, Carroll McComas, and Beverly Westmore—all capable players—struggled valiantly to give the characters they portrayed some semblance of reality, but to no avail.

* * *

GLOBE. "THE CANARY." Musical comedy in three acts from the French of Georges Barr and Louis Verneuil; music by Ivan Caryll, additional numbers by Irving Berlin and Harry Tierney. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

Eugenie	Doris Faithful
Mrs. Beasley	Edna Bates
Mr. Trimmer	George Mack
Ned Randolph	Sam Hardy
Timothy	Joseph Cawthorn
Julie	Julia Sanderson
Fleece	Harland Dixon
Dodge	James Doyle
Rico	Wilmer Bentley
Dr. Dippy	Louis Harrison
Mary Ellen	Maude Eburne
Laurette	Corinth Rice
A Minister	George Egan

THE CANARY" may fill the Globe for weeks to come although there is nothing particularly to recommend it. It is agreeable enough to the eye, but the music, supplied by a well known trio of musicians, is rather commonplace.

The story is thin—very thin. It deals with the canary diamond which is lost and finally recovered to the satisfaction of all concerned as it enables the hero and heroine to marry.

Joseph Cawthorn without his German dialect is a novelty, but rather

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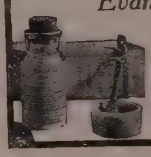

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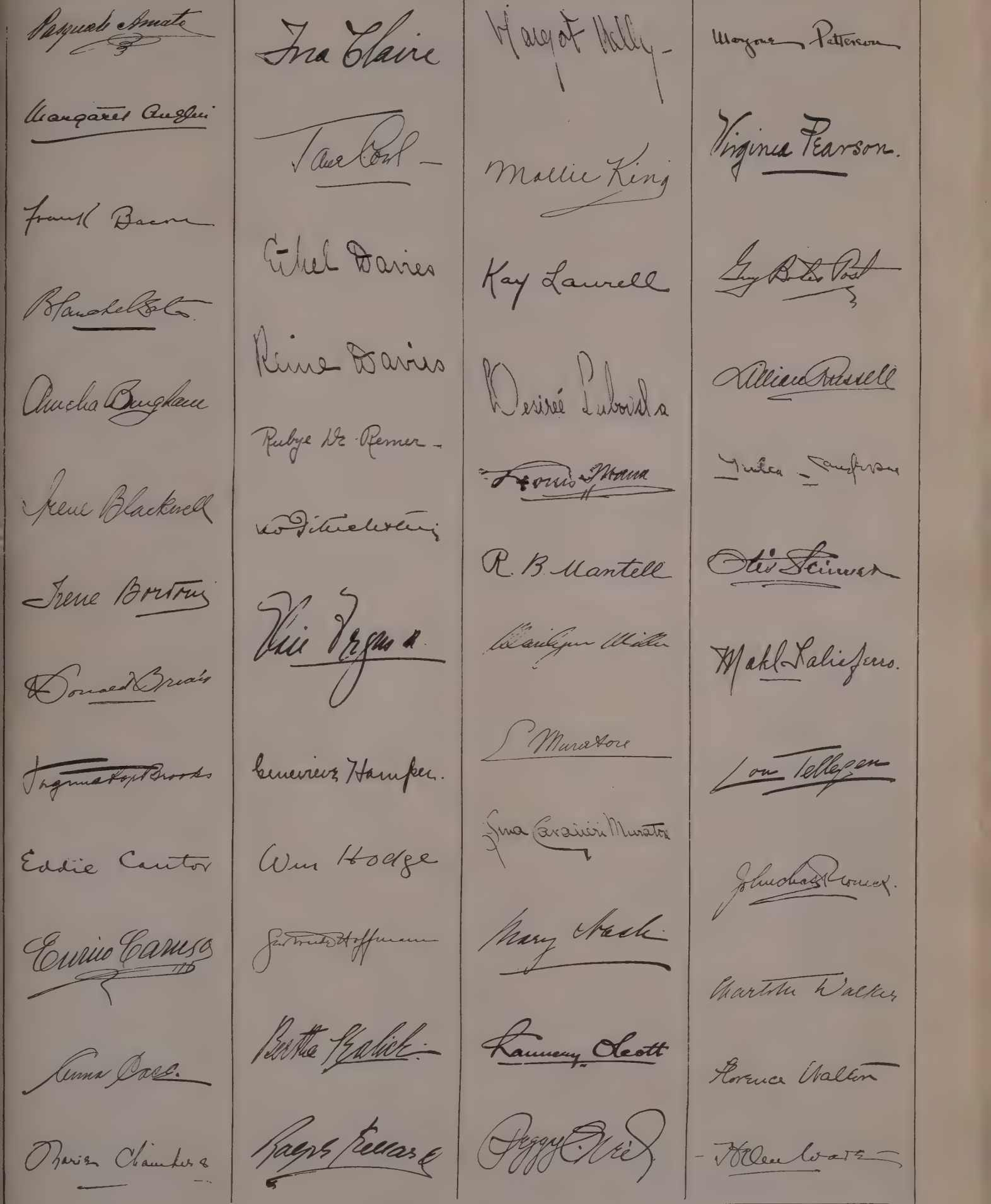

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Consequently it requires an individual diet, individual treatment and individual care. Never, never, choose your crémes, powders or lotions at a counter unless you know whether they fit your case.

You would not think of saying, give me a dress, and closing your eyes take it; or hand me a hat, and then wearing it no matter how it looked. Beauty is the most fickle mistress in the world. She must be treated with infinite courtesy and care. Even if you are to-day the loveliest creature in the world you must cater to your beauty and you cannot blindly put your hand out at the cosmetic counter and take anything which is within your reach.

But are you capable of deciding what your needs are in order to retain your beauty or improve it?

Then why not consult Mme. Helena Rubinstein, who has advised Queens, Empresses, Duchesses and the foremost personages of society and the stage?

This expert opinion is at your disposal by appointment and when you see Mme. Rubinstein it will not be necessary to tell her anything for she will at once know what are your individual needs.

Or if you cannot come personally, the mail will act for you and Mme. Rubinstein will be able to communicate to you her suggestions for the care of your beauty. Madame Rubinstein whose reputation is international, with her corps of trained assistants, will treat you and bring about a change in the condition of your beauty which will amaze you.

So successful are Mme. Rubinstein's treatments that she has been obliged to enlarge her New York headquarters, and her MAISON DE BEAUTE VALAZE has now been removed to 46 West 57th Street.

Here, in an exquisite setting, Parisian in its taste, decoration and display, delightfully restful and efficacious treatments may be taken, or Mme. Rubinstein will personally advise you on the choice of preparations and directions for their home use.

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For crow's-feet, deep lines, lifeless skin, Eau qui Pique is infallible. Price $3.00 and upwards.

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Mme. Rubinstein has found among all the preparations that she has been able to recommend the Roman Jelly (Price $1.50 and $3.00) and the Georgine Jaretee (Price $2.75 and $6.00) the best suited for this condition. Used in time it will prevent such a condition as this.

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FOR DOUBLE CHIN

The Valaze Reducing Jelly (Price $1.50 and $3.00) also the Valaze Reducing Soap (Price $1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

a strange one. Cawthorn, however, is always comical. Julia Sanderson, as pretty as ever, dances as well as ever. Sam Hardy, Doyle and Dixon complete a satisfactory cast.

* * *

BOOTH. "BE CALM, CAMILLA." Comedy in two acts by Clare Kummer. Produced on October 31 with this cast:

Junius Patterson	Walter Hampden
Baxter Pell	Rex McDougall
Gus Beals	Arthur Shaw
McNeil Brownlow, "Mac,"	William Sampson
Jo Gibbons	Harold Salter
Bill Slattery	John J. Harris
Celia Brooke	Carlotta Monterey
Alma Robins	Hedda Hopper
Camilla Hathaway	Lola Fisher

BE CALM, CAMILLA," is the latest offering of the prolific Clare Kummer. It started well—full of witticisms—what the French call *plein d'esprit*, and had the last act kept up with the others it would have been an unqualified success.

Camilla, alone in New York, where she expects to attain fame and make a fortune with negligible talent as a pianiste, finds herself up against it. Her last chance is to accept the position as accompanist in a moving picture house. On her way to obtain the position she is run over by an automobile. Picked up by the rich owner, she is carried to the hospital—private room, nurse, flowers, and a case of love at first sight. He is married—but unhappily, and this time he is up against it. In the last act, Camilla who spends a week-end at the country home of the millionaire, learns that he is married. She has no other alternative but to disappear and to that end she takes a plunge in the lake. Pulled out shivering but living, her lover realizes his deep affection, obtains a divorce and marries Camilla.

There is hardly a new situation in the whole play. The acting is above the average, Lola Fisher being particularly pleasing as the demure Camilla. Walter Hampden was somewhat miscast as her wealthy lover as the rôle demanded a very light touch and Mr. Hampden is better known as a tragedian.

* * *

48TH STREET. "THE BIG CHANCE." Play in four acts by Grant Morris and Willard Mack. Produced on October 28 with this cast:

Larry Thorndyke	Willard Mack
Mrs. Malloy	Anna Mack Berlein
Margaret Malloy,	Katherine Harris Barrymore
Eddie Crandall	William E. Meehan
Charles Hickson	Harry Robert
Mary Delano	Mary Nash
"Pinkey Granville"	Ramsey Wallace
Asa Hickson	John Mason
Jack Burns	John Sharkey
Sergeant Todkins	T. S. James
Fritz	Nathaniel Sack

AMONG the other things that the war brought to our shores was an avalanche of plays created to arouse patriotism. Now with the armistice signed and the peace treaty on the way, what is to become of the war play? "The Big Chance" missed its big chance. It is among the best of its kind, but comes too late.

Practically the same idea as that is "Out There" and "Getting Together," it is a typical war play. Mary Nash is a bit melodramatic but always interesting. Willard Mack as the Irish hero worshipper did very well, but to William E. Meehan, who had the best lines and delivered them with a full understanding of their values, came the success of the evening.

* * *

PLAYHOUSE. "HOME AGAIN." Comedy in four acts by Robert McLaughlin, written from the folk poems and stories of James Whitcomb Riley. Produced on November 11 with this cast:

Jap Miller	Charles Dow Clark
Squire Hawkins	Scott Cooper
Jim Johnson	Henry Duffy
Jeff Thompson	Erville Alderson
Patience Thompson	Antoinette Walker
The Raggedy Man	Tim Murphy
"Doc" Townsend	Maclyn Arbuckle
Orphant Annie	Madeline Delmar
Abner Cover	James Donlan
Violet Thompson	Frances Lapsley
Bud Thompson	Geraldine Herman
Philiper Flash	Harry Redding
"Doc" Sifers	Forrest Robinson
"Eck" Skinner	James Billings
'Lizabeth Ann	Shirley De Me
Ma Townsend	Helen Pingree
"Aunt Mary"	Marie Taylor

HOME AGAIN" is a "by gosh" drama based on the poems and writings of that distinguished and much beloved Hoosier poet, the late James Whitcomb Riley. Save for the interpolation of several of his poems, this hybrid, fragmentary conglomeration of his work is nearly criminal in its assault on his memory.

"The Raggedy Man," "Orphant Annie" and other familiar and stock characters are combined in a story that has occasionally a flash of poetry, sentiment and real emotion. Most of it, however, is trivial, trite and tedious.

Tim Murphy was amusing as the poetical sporting tramp. No one could have "put over" its pathos. Very true, unctuous and real was Maclyn Arbuckle as the peripatetic vendor of stomach bitters. Scott Cooper and Erville Anderson were excellent in conventional types. Forrest Robinson was artistically mushy as the country doctor and there was spirited picturesqueness in Madeline Delmar's rendering of "Orphant Annie."

ROSES OF PICARDY

Chappell and Company, Ltd., have published a new song—"Roses of Picardy." The setting of this popular English ballad is laid on the plains of Picardy, so recently the center of the battle between Barbarism and "Kultur." The song which has been successfully featured by Reinald Werrenrath, Charles Harrison and Lambert Murphy is becoming popular both here and abroad, and is one of the many successes this firm is bringing out.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said the manager of the barnstorming opera company, "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the show."—*Musical America.*

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BACK FROM THE TRENCHES.

(*Continued from page 338*)

entire performance. Happily he decided not to do any strafing. All he did was to contribute a little extra local color. Did my voice wabble? —it did.

When I was back in this country a few days, a retired Colonel called me up on the telephone. He asked if I could tell him where I was on September 24th. His voice was choked with emotion. I could hear him weeping at the other end of the wire. His boy had written him a letter on that day which ran: "Irene Franklin dropped down from Heaven today, and sang for us. She never was more appreciated than she was here." Since the 24th that boy has been missing, and every effort to trace him has been in vain. But I was able to tell the Colonel just the place where I sang on that day, and now he has hopes of tracing his boy. Could any fiction writer want anything better—soldier, the battlefield, missing in action, found through a singer of comic songs?

Won't the players lend their aid? Even if the war is over, "the boys" will need amusement for the next two years. Some of the Y. M. C. A. huts are admirable places to give pieces, and Toul has a charming theatre where regular attractions could be given. The Y. M. C. A. is doing everything possible for the comfort of the entertainer as well as the soldier, but with all its hardships, if you want my opinion, here it is: I've come home to fill the coal bin and I'm going right back.

FRANCE'S NEW WAR SONG.

WHEN, during the Liberty Loan Drive, the United States was visited by the Blue Devils of France, the towns that heard these brave soldiers sing *"Madelon"* were taken by storm.

Now, who was *"Madelon"?* The song is the war song of France, which brings out not only the spirit of this wonderful country, but the spirit of her women as well. Today it is almost as well known as the *Marseillaise,* and the story about it can be told in a few words.

The boys coming back from the trenches enter a canteen and are waited on by a very charming servant—young, pretty, and bright—whose name is Madelon. Everybody makes love to her. She takes it good naturedly, because, as she says, "I am a sister to you all." To anyone who asks for her hand, she answers, "Not now. Why should I take one single man when I love the entire regiment, and I need my hand to pour out the wine when the boys come back tired from the trenches."

This song has just been published in this country by Jerome H. Remick, and no doubt will be played on every piano, talking machine, and musical instrument, and heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Visitor—Hark! some one is playing a delightful bit of Wagner!

The Host—Oh! that's the janitor putting coal on the fire!—Pennsylvania *"Punch Bowl."*

NEW VICTOR RECORDS.

THE approach of the Christmas season instinctively awakens in the hearts of millions a keen desire to hear those time-honored hymns and carols so redolent of *the* Day of all the year to childhood.

A rehearing, therefore, of that beautiful *"Cantique de Noel"* (Holy Night) sung by Enrico Caruso, on a Victrola Record, finds it as fresh and inspiring as the day it was first presented to the world. Of itself, it is a splendid, gorgeously harmonized piece of music, picturesque in character, yet deeply reverent in spirit.

Imagine, if you can, fifty thousand people assembled in one place at one time listening to one person sing, and you will have a vision of that mighty concourse—the largest audience that ever gathered in Central Park—when recently Caruso sang, *"Over There."* The effect was overwhelming, for there were doubtless few in that vast assembly that did not know that Caruso had immortalized that song on a Victrola Record.

"Dixie," that time-honored tune, which our boys are singing to-day on the battlefields of France and Belgium, we always love to hear. But Mabel Garrison does much more than merely sing on her Victrola Record of the song. She vividly interprets it.

Akin in feeling to the thrilling effect produced is that of the great war-song of France, *"La Marseillaise,"* presented by Frances Alda on a Victrola Record. Aglow with the spirit of liberty it is one of the most remarkable of her recordings and the interest is intensified by the accompaniment of the Metropolitan Opera House chorus of singers in the refrain.—*Adv.*

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS.

BARRIENTOS and Lazaro, two of the most famous stars in the Metropolitan Opera's great galaxy, have joined voices for their first concerted Columbia number this month. They have selected the thrilling climax of Verdi's "Traviata"—the brilliant *"Parigi o cara."* Here is an exquisite record of a great and beautiful aria by two of the most famous voices in the world.

The sparkling *"Alla Vita"* from the famous opera "Ballo in Maschera" might have been written especially for Stracciari, so completely does it lie in the richest range of his glorious baritone voice. Stracciari has made the most of his opportunity in a glorious record of this great operatic gem which is now on sale among the December Columbia Records.

Barbara Maurel, the dainty Alsatian songstress who has created a veritable sensation here, sings two more of her delightful old ballads for Columbia. The selections are *"Slumber Boat"* and *"Song of the Chimes,"* both on the same record.

"Carmen" and "Il Trovatore" are undoubtedly the world's two most popular operas. It is fitting, therefore, that the great orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, which recently signed a contract to make records of operatic music exclusively for Columbia, should have taken selections from these two glorious operas for their December Columbia Record. Everyone knows the music, but to hear it played by this famous ensemble of musicians is to find an added delight in the dramatic strains.

These four records are but a few of the December Columbia group which includes not only operatic arias, but dance records, popular songs, instrumental, Christmas novelty records, and many others too numerous to mention here.—*Adv.*

$400 in Prizes
Last call for the big Jingle Contest. For the best short jingles featuring the merits of ZYMOLE TROKEYS received before Dec. 15th, 1918, we will give the following prizes: first $150; second $100; third $75; fourth $25; and five $10 prizes. ZYMOLE TROKEYS are not cough drops—but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth—which keep the voice fit. At all drug stores. Send rhymes to our Jingle Department.
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1246 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
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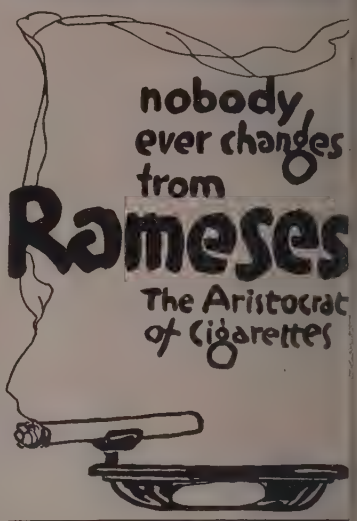

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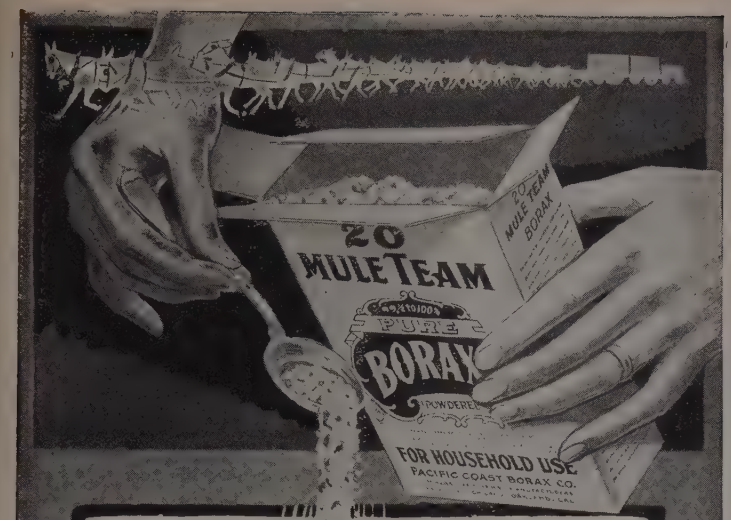

For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You may find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

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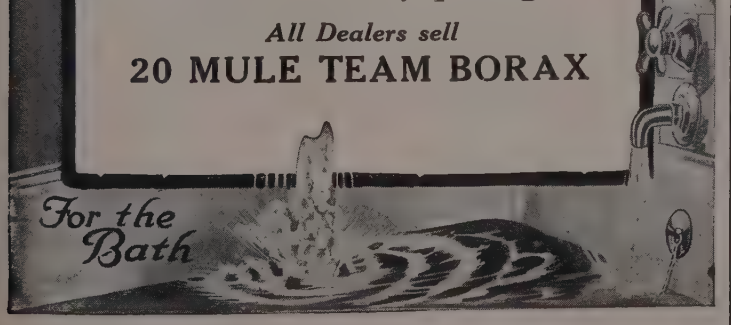

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Leaves the mouth clean and wholesome with a pleasant aftertaste. We do not believe a better dentifrice possible at any price.

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Send 10c in stamps for a medium size tube, or 25c for full size. Note how pleasantly and thoroughly this exquisite dentifrice does its work. Sheffield Dentifrice Company, 421 Canal Street, New York City

Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

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Theatre Magazine

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The Finest Quality Lamb's Wool
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Detailed catalog from the Secretary

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Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

1865 1918
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Furs for the Holidays

THIS year, when the conservation of woolens is especially imperative, and in view of the marked preference for gifts of practical *utility*, furs will be more appreciated than ever.

We invite your inspection of an unusually fine assortment of

COATS—CAPES
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Particular attention is called to our furs for men.
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The wide variety offered will meet the purse limitations of all.

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Exquisite Daintiness

is necessary to every woman who wears the sheer georgette and organdie blouses or the sleeveless dancing frocks decreed by Fashion. She must remove the hair from her arm-pits to be either modest or well groomed.

X-Bazin provides the simple, comfortable, womanly way of eliminating hair from the lip, arms, or arm-pits, in five minutes—just as soap and water dissolve and remove soot, leaving the skin smooth, soft and white.

50c and $1.00 at drug and department stores, or we will mail it direct on receipt of price.

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The Famous French Depilatory Powder
X-Bazin

75c and $1.50 in Canada

False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a special tube to let you prove it out.

The Scientific Way

As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A few days will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE
A size not sold in Drug Store

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 302, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

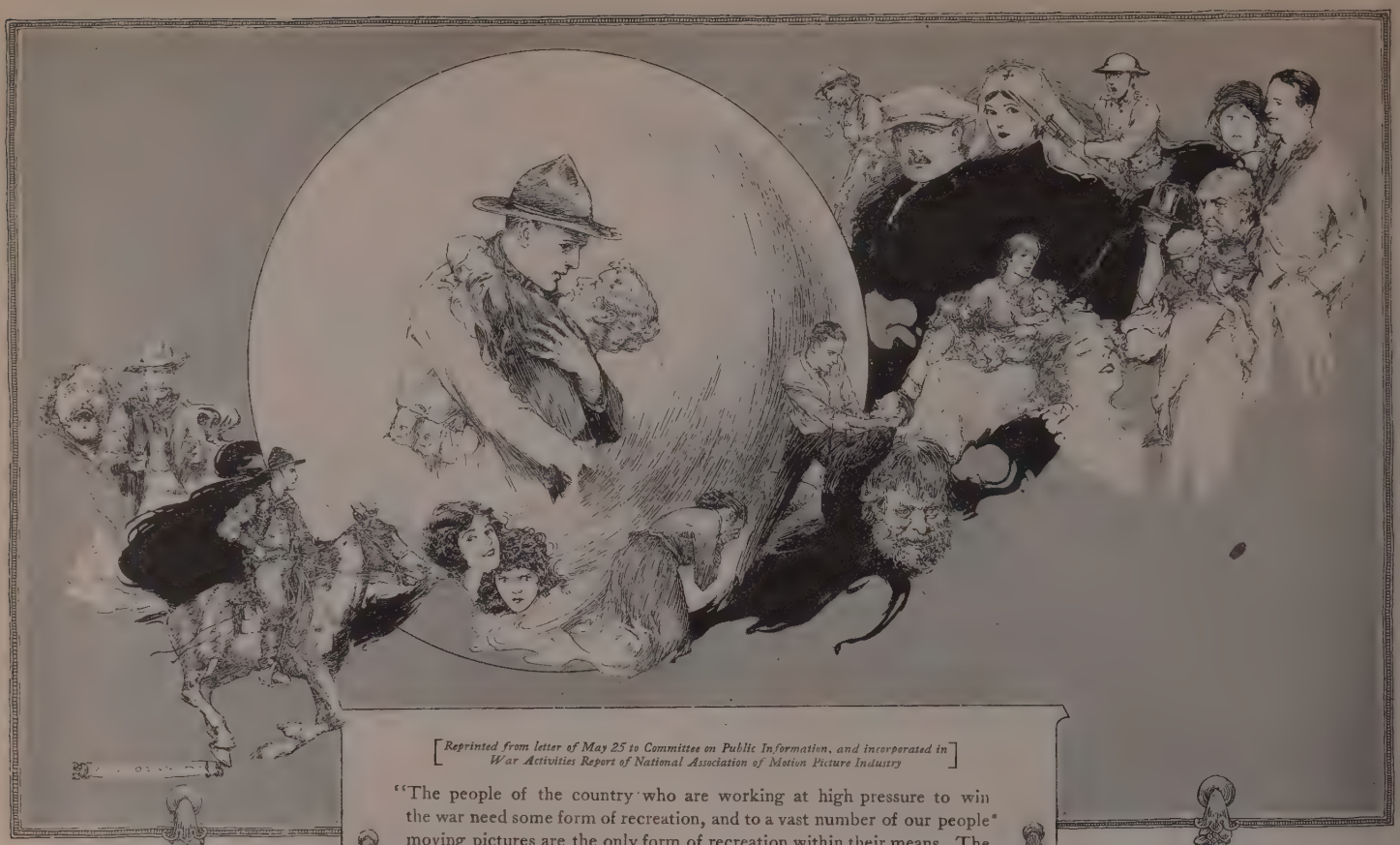
MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

Campbell

PEARL WHITE

A late photograph of Pearl White, who will be shown as a new, daring and resourceful character in "The Lightning Raider," a story of grim mystery and peril, by George Brackett Seitz and Bertram Millhauser, released by Pathé



[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry*]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

(Signed) W. G. McADOO, *Secretary of the Treasury*

The Crystal of Life

THE motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

Life alight with gaiety and purple with dreams, life astride the champing steed of adventure, life careless of death.

By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the *faithfulness* and *clearness* of their crystal-reflections of life!

By the sheer vitality of their foremost stars—by their sheer *beauty*—by their sheer *charm*—often by their sheer lovableness—by their *LIFE!*

And nowhere else is there such *directing* as in *Paramount* and *Artcraft*, such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to *life's richest hues!*

In *deed* as well as in *name* are these motion pictures—*Paramount! Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

© *Hoover Art Co.*

MARY PICKFORD

Who it is said has formed her own company to produce the screen version of "Daddy Long-Legs." She is said to have paid $40,000 for the screen rights

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Is now the star of William Fox's drama of democracy entitled "18 to 45," staged by R. A. Walsh. This photo-play tells the story of the military draft

PEGGY SHANOR

Who will shortly be featured by a new film corporation

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

who is now making what promises to be one of her most pretentious productions, "Cheating Cheaters," which was such a success as a play. Harry Garson has surrounded Miss Young with a remarkable cast, including Anna O. Nillson, Jack Holt, Tully Marshall, Frank Campeau, Edwin Stevens, Frederick Burton, and many other screen notables.

WINTER, BUT NOT OF DISCONTENT

STERN winter loves a dirge-like sound," if Poet Wordsworth can be believed. But how can an almost emancipated world be expected to oblige with dirge-like sounds when *Te Deums* would be more suited to its mood?

* * *

To be sure, the newspapers have limited Mary Pickford's income for the current picture year to two million dollars; but a frugal person should be able to pull through on two millions a year by avoiding restaurants in the White Light district. Again, the epidemic of influenza has been a dreadful thing, but you must admit that it saved us from a lot of campaign oratory. Every cloud, you see, has its silver lining.

* * *

In fact, from every point of view the silver lining overlaps the cloud. Even a world war is seen to have its compensations when you stop to think how completely it has suppressed Bill Bryan, and remember that nothing else ever did that. And if Hoover has eliminated flour and shortening and sugar from the pie of commerce until in its present form it is more suitable for car wheels than for table use there still remains the comforting reflection that at present prices we can't afford pie, any way.

* * *

The farther you go the more unmitigated our blessings appear. Theatre ticket speculators have beaten the Kaiser into oblivion by a neck. Cherman ersatz opera hass been spurlos versenkt alretty. Sex problem plays have been decently interred in chloride of lime—or most of them have, at least, and the rest will be attended to as soon as the overworked garbage man can get around to them. Recognizing the tendencies of the times the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has handed down a ukase putting the double cross on war themes for photoplays, the great national pastime of plutocrat and proletariat, not to mention the bourgeoisie abhorred of Trotzky, and nailing to the mast of the most important producer of motion pictures the motto, "Let joy be unconfined."

* * *

Speaking of photoplays in particular, a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Wild Bill Hohenzollern led the Potsdam gang out for world dominion or downfall and got it. Not a branch of the New Art but has been uplifted and ennobled.

* * *

Take its optical aspect, for instance. When the camera man went out into a low temperature for winter scenes before the war his steady grinding at the crank as he wound the celluloid through velvet-faced slots generated static electricity within the camera. The electricity in such cases was quiet and unobtrusive, giving no sign of its presence until the film was developed, when it would be found to be streaked and spattered as if it had been traversed by a lightning bug in the last stages of delirium tremens. It was such things as these that caused the camera man to backslide and his boss to bite tenpenny nails.

* * *

But now that science has provided a non-conducting film the camera man has so far lived down his past that his name now appears on the program and the star is not ashamed to be seen conversing with him—until said star gets a look at his picture in the projection room.

* * *

Again, there is the literary side of the photoplay. Time was, and not so very long ago at that, when the chief National industry was writing scenarios for motion pictures. Every person capable of signing his name without resorting to a cross wrote photoplays—you could tell that that was what they were, because the author always enclosed a written confession with his crime. But since war industries have been progressively absorbing the Nation's labor there has been a corresponding decrease in the writing of photoplays. One result has been that the world's stock of paper, which was getting dangerously low, is once more increasing. At the same time the money formerly spent for postage both ways on scenarios has been saved and has thus made possible the floating of the six billion dollar Fourth Liberty Loan, the greatest single financial transaction in history. And not only that, but McAdoo has been able to utilize the rolling stock formerly employed in the transportation of manuscripts in hauling munitions to the seaboard. When you trace these things right down to fundamentals you can see what a vital part the scenario writers are playing in winning the war.

* * *

Pursuing the subject of literature still further, there is the immemorial grievance of the author because the scenario editor performs plastic surgery upon the former's effusions. It is customary to submit the production as presented to the public as circumstantial evidence in behalf of the plaintiff; but Oh, do not thou forget, however darkly stained by sins of omission or commission the finished product may be, you never saw the scenario in its original form. Who, therefore, shall say how many authors today are able to hold up their heads as more or less respected members of the community because some intrepid scenario editor has stood between their atrocities and the just consequences thereof? If these things were only understood in their true light there should be no difficulty in negotiating an armistice between authors and editors, or even peace without annexations or indemnities.

* * *

And if only the President could find time to tell Congress what it thought about the matter we might have a law making it justifiable homicide for an editor to put out of her misery the author who breaks into the corral and insists on talking about her "brain child"—"brain child," mark you. Then, my friends, the last touch of perfection would be added to the whole field of photoplay literature.

* * *

In their triumphal progress motion pictures have won "Some measure of official recognition" from no less a personage than the President himself. He says motion pictures are "an increasingly important factor in the development of our National life." And they are.

* * *

The publisher who once frothed at the mouth with one hand when the Dorcas Society asked for a two line free announcement of its next meeting, and with the other hand extended two pages of free space to baseball, a purely commercial enterprise, now sells the two pages at regular rates to motion picture producers and exhibitors. With this addition to his income the publisher has been able to buy a new automobile. And he can ring for full speed ahead in passing his own bulletin board, because the fairway is no longer clogged with patriots who pause in their mad career for half an afternoon to follow the fortunes of the Giants and the Cubs and the rest of the menagerie as reported by wire to an anxious world.

* * *

These faithful citizens—or such of them as may be able to obtain passes—can sit in comfortable motion picture theatres, instead of standing in hot dusty streets, to obtain the recreation which Secretary McAdoo says is so essential to those who are working at high pressure to win the war.

* * *

Herein lies a moral. Observe that baseball, which never paid an advertising bill, had to shut up shop and go to work or fight; while motion pictures, which squandered most of the gross receipts on advertising, has been declared by the highest Government authority to be a necessary of life. Producers of motion pictures not only have not been asked to close down, but, on the contrary, have had a hand-picked assortment of actors and extras set aside by the Government itself in order that they might continue operations unhindered.

* * *

It is a great pleasure to say that the Government's sentiments are reciprocated. The motion picture industry subscribed for approximately twenty-five million dollars in bonds of the first three loans and through the efforts of motion picture artists, who toured the country to make addresses and of local exhibitors who freely lent the aid of their theatres, added another hundred millions. Besides this the industry raised twenty-six million dollars for the Red Cross up to July last; it exhibited scores of thousands of slides and short reels for food conservation, for recruiting labor for war industries and various other Government activities and provided eighteen thousand forums from which the Four Minute Men nightly made addresses that were of incalculable value in disseminating the propaganda that placed united sentiment behind the Nation's purpose to carry the war on to complete victory.

* * *

Such an important factor was the motion picture industry in the first three loans that in the fourth it was called upon for still greater exertions. For example, W. S. Hart, the Artcraft star, who is better known to millions of his fellow citizens than General Pershing, was called to the East, where he labored incessantly throughout the drive. Douglas Fairbanks also came East, and by flying from Washington to New York and back again raised between six and seven million dollars for the loan.

* * *

Doug.'s press agent was inspired by this achievement to announce that his boss was getting flighty. The press agent thought out this *bon mot* all by himself. The key furnished by the press agent explains that this is a play on words. The adjective "flighty" as here used by the press agent is derived from the noun "flight," the name of the action taken by Doug. in traveling by aeroplane, although that is not exactly the definition usually associated with the adjective "flighty" aforesaid. But, as the press agent fully explains, elucidating by aid of diagrams, that's juct it. The *mot* becomes *bon* through the unexpected double entendre—sort of sweeps you off your feet, as it were, by its reversible cleverness, so to speak.

The Girl With The Golden Smile
LILLIAN WALKER
In the Second of the Series
of Eight "Happy" Pictures
An adaptation of the widely read novel
"FRAN"
By John Beckenridge Ellis
Directed by William P. S. Earle
A sunny, human picture of a little girl who had a great longing for home and love—a heart drama, typical in the freshness of its appeal and the fascination of its plot, of the entire series of Lillian Walker productions.
Released thru the W. W. Hodkinson Corp.
Lillian Walker Pictures Corp.
LESTER PARKER PRESIDENT
501 Fifth Avenue New York City

Betty Blythe of the Vitagraph for whom many have predicted stardom within the next year

Viola Dana, film favorite, one of the shining lights of the Metro programme

Roxana McGowan, Mack Sennett star

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND THEATRE. Edith Cavell in "The Woman The Germans Shot," with Julia Arthur. Plunkitt and Carroll present the story of Edith Cavell the woman the Germans shot with Julia Arthur as Miss Cavell. The story has been picturized by Anthony Paul Kelly and directed by John G. Adolphi. The soul-stirring story of the murder of Nurse Edith Cavell by the Huns has been faithfully and forcefully depicted with an excellent cast and with more than the usual amount of attention paid to detail. This picture brings to the screen for the first time Miss Julia Arthur, who acquits herself creditably although a bit camera shy in the early part of the film. The finish of the picture had almost everyone in tears, and leaves one filled with righteous indignation against the nation that countenances the murder of women under the guise of Kultur.

* * *

RIVOLI. "Woman," directed by Maurice Tourneur. "Woman" has been directed and produced by Maurice Tourneur which in itself means that the motion picture fan will at least see a well produced picture. "Woman" is no exception to the foregoing and from the artistic standpoint is all that can be asked. But the story, which by the way, is by Charles Whittaker makes an awful mess of lovely woman, and almost leads one to believe that director Tourneur has little or no use for the gentler sex and takes this method of getting it out of his system. The story is in five episodes, a prologue and an epilogue, and starting with the days of Adam and Eve goes right through history showing up the fairer sex in a startling and most unique way. The finish sort of atones for the beginning by making the best of woman's activity in war work.

* * *

RIVOLI. "Safe for Democracy," with Mitchel Lewis. J. Stuart Blackton presents "Safe for Democracy," a propaganda picture based on the work or fight order of General Crowder. There is nothing particularly new or exciting about this feature and Mitchel Lewis, really a good actor who is best remembered for his portrayal of the half-breed type, has appeared to much better advantage due perhaps to the fact that he has little or nothing to do. The picture is a bit jumpy at times but the continuity improves as the picture progresses. There is considerable action and some exceedingly light comedy, but as a whole "Safe for Democracy" can hardly be called good entertainment.

* * *

BROADWAY THEATRE. "Marriage," with Catherine Calvert. "Marriage" is an old theme rehashed in an old way with Catherine Calvert as the sorely tried wife of an easy living husband who is financially ruined and as a climax must go to Paris to save his eyesight. Friend wife in the meantime tries to recoup the family exchequer by cheating at cards. Piffle and more of it. A dandy cast and a good director in the person of James Kirkwood wasted on the trashiest kind of a story. There are good possibilities in Catherine Calvert but Frank Keeney should be politely but firmly told that in producing pictures a good story is the first essential.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "The Master Mystery," with Houdini. The first four episodes of "The Master Mystery," the new B. S. Rolfe serial featuring Houdini were shown to an especially invited audience at the Strand Theatre the early part of the month. Like all serials there are thrills galore but Houdini makes them even thrillier if possible. Yet one cannot help but think that thanks to trick photography Houdini's powers are discounted. However, there is no doubt that the box-office value of Houdini's name will put the serial over financially. The story is by Arthur B. Reeve and Charles A. Logue and is just the sort of story one would expect from two such capable writers. In addition to Houdini we have Marguerite Marsh, Ruth Stonehouse and Floyd Buckley all of whom are worthy of mention.

* * *

BROADWAY. "Suspicion," with Grace Davison. I wonder if the audience at the Broadway had any idea of what they were letting themselves in for when they bought their tickets. "Suspicion" is so poor that I refuse to waste further space upon it. Suffice it to say that Grace Davison, the girl that plays the lead, comes close to wrecking what otherwise might have been the stepping stone to a promising career by her appearance in such truck as "Suspicion."

* * *

RIVOLI. "A Romance of the Air," with Lieut. Bert Hall and Edith Day. "A Romance of the Air," was suggested by Lieut. Hall's book, *En l'Air*. The Lieut. and Edith Day are featured in the picture which tells of an aviator's experiences in the early part of the war. Lieut. Hall seems a born actor, whereas Edith Day who should know better, overacts. As war pictures go, "A Romance of the Air," is above the average. It neither bores or tires one which is due to the delicate handling of the production.

* * *

STRAND. "Little Women," directed by Harley Knowles. William A. Brady's film production of Louisa M. Alcott's world renowned story, "Little Women," is a screen classic. The production of pictures such as "Little Women" do much to uplift the dignity of the screen, and proves an old contention of mine that clean, wholesome entertainment always does find favor wherever right-minded people congregate. The Alcott Memorial Committee permitted most of the scenes of the picture to be made in and around the home of the author, thereby imparting a true sense of New England atmosphere. Little or no fault can be found with the acting, and with the exception of several unnecessary titles this picture will stand the test of any criticism.

UNWINDING THE REEL

William J. Shea, 56 years old, the oldest moving picture actor in the country in years of service, and the first comedian of the Vitagraph Company, died suddenly of heart disease, at his Brooklyn residence.

* * *

William Duncan, director and star of Vitagraph serials, is back at the Hollywood studio after a short trip to New York, where he visited relatives and met the officials of the Vitagraph company. "Bill," says New York is all right, but it is still far from finished.

* * *

The new laboratory which is being built at the Vitagraph studio in Hollywood is now almost completed, and it will be one of the finest on the coast. It will be fully equipped for printing on a large scale and soon will be in operation.

* * *

Earle Williams is back at the Hollywood studio. Mr. Williams went East to make one feature and was to have returned here upon its completion, but a change in plans resulted in his going back after a few weeks spent in New York and he is now preparing to start work in a new feature.

* * *

When Bessie Love's first Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature "The Dawn of Understanding," is released, J. Frank Glendon will be seen playing opposite to her. Mr. Glendon was one of the featured stars in the successful Vitagraph serial, "The Woman in the Web," Hedde Nova being the other star.

* * *

The National Film Corporation of America has signed a contract with Henry B. Walthall for the exclusive services of the star for an extended period. The definite signing of Mr. Walthall follows close upon the deal by which the Robertson-Cole Company takes over the National Film Corporation interests, handling for the world the eight Billie Rhodes pictures, as also the forthcoming series of Walthall dramas.

According to present plans Walthall will make eight pictures during the next twelve months. William Parsons, general manager and treasurer of the National Film Corporation, announces that Mr. Walthall will receive the highest salary of any individual male star in the motion picture world. Several stars may receive greater remuneration through the fact that they own their own producing organizations, but Mr. Walthall will take first place among salaried stars, declares Mr. Parsons.

The star has just scored a hit in the spoken drama, "The Awakening," at the Criterion Theatre in New York. Mr. Walthall will return immediately to the National Coast studios to begin work on his first feature of the series.

Few stars in the screen world are better known than Walthall. He came to the front in the famous old Biograph days, when David Griffith was laying the foundation of the modern photoplay. Back in those pioneer and developing days of Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, the Gishs, Blanche Sweet and others, Walthall was one of the biggest Biograph favorites.

Walthall scored one of his first big hits in "Judith of Bethulia," the first American feature production, and he followed it with his famous depiction of the little colonel in that screen classic, "The Birth of a Nation."

After leaving Griffith, Walthall joined the Essanay forces and later starred with Paralta. Only recently he returned temporarily to the Griffith fold, appearing with striking success in "The Great Love." Then Walthall came East to rejoin his first love, the spoken drama.

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau, the theatrical star at present appearing in "Where Poppies Bloom," at the Republic Theatre, has joined the list of players who share their theatrical accomplishments with the screen.

Miss Rambeau's screen work will not interfere with her theatrical engagement and she will continue to appear at the Republic Theatre. She has entered upon her film duties, and her initial offering is a story by a famous author.

Miss Rambeau says that she is more than eager to come under Mr. Revier's film direction, as it will renew a professional association of more than half a dozen years ago on the Western coast.

(*Concluded on page 394*)

Campbell

Bryant Washburn who will shortly appear in "Venus in the East"

Witzel

Gloria Joy, seven years old, heading her own company as star of Mission Productions

Witzel

Herbert Heyes now appearing as leading man for Helen Keller

Evans

Claire Du Brey a west coast favorite, who is becoming popular in the east

THE SALVATION ARMY IN PICTURES

THE remarkable story of the Salvation Army, both in war and peace, is about to be screened for the further enlightenment of these civilized nations. Although the Salvation Army was established over fifty years ago, it is now flourishing in sixty-one countries on this earth, and its marvelous story of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity has never before been screened. Upon this occasion, the tremendous sentiment which sprang up in the hearts of American soldiers and sailors within the last year in behalf of the Salvation Army for its practical and effective work at the front, inspired the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to investigate and finally to order a story written, which has been months in course of preparation.

© Ira L. Hill
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

The story finds its basis in historical truth, and in recently developed facts, which reveal the Salvation Army as perhaps the most popular war work organization of which the American troops have any knowledge, and as a body of sanctified men and women, who actually serve without selfish views or considerations, to the end that life may be made happier for those upon this earth, and that a firm hope in life hereafter may be cherished and depended upon by all.

* * *

The story of the Salvation Army in peace is scarcely less thrilling and inspiring than the story of the Salvation Army in war, and both of these phases have been covered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, now about to make the picture. Every word of the script has been read to Commander Evangeline Booth, the forceful, intelligent woman who leads this great army for peace in America, and who shares in the belief that the public should be given an opportunity to know more of the Salvation Army's actual operations and affairs.

* * *

The Salvation Army, as such, will not appear in this, or any other motion picture in the capacity of actors and actresses, but will be filmed in connection with the story as they pursue their ordinary daily functions, both at the front in France, in their scores of institutions for mercy in the United States, in the slums, the tenements and wherever misery, hardship and privation, either in the young or the old, exist.

It has not been generally known that the Salvation Army was the first to establish war work huts, having gone through this entire experience in the Boer War, many years ago. When Germany made her first vicious thrust at the throat of little Belgium, and the British troops moved in within twelve days, to fight the battles of righteousness and justice, the Salvation Army of England was on the job at the side of the troops. From that day to this the far-flung battle line of the Allies has known the uplifting and useful influence and exertions of the Salvation Army. When the United States entered the struggle a year ago, Commander Evangeline Booth had workers in France at the head of the American troops, and their work from that moment until the present hour, has carved a niche for them in the heart of every soldier and sailor in the American service. Practically without funds, but with stout hearts and a willingness to give up life itself, if necessary, to help the troops on the common-sense basis, the Salvation Army has been serving the soldiers of the Allies faithfully and efficiently, and as a result has brought about a better understanding of its work with the world at large.

* * *

No longer will the little band around the corner be scoffed at, or the motives of this great organization, which has a hard-working corps in eight hundred and thirty cities of the United States, be questioned.

The great and very powerful force at the head of all this useful work in America is Evangeline Booth, daughter of the distinguished founder of the Salvation Army, who died some years ago. She is surrounded by a staff of capable executives and the work of her wonderful organization is handled for the west by her chief assistant in America, Commissioner Thomas Estill, whose headquarters are in Chicago. Commander Booth will appear in this film as she discharges her regular, every day duties and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will film this story with the due reverence and profound respect the subject calls for. It is said the story is of tremendous force and is bound to be a potent factor in helping the public to think better, live better, hope better, and, therefore, fare better while on this unhappy earth.

UNWINDING THE REEL

(*Continued from page* 392)

Mr. Revier heretofore has been associated, as director, with Cecil De Mille, Edmund Breese, Irene Fenwick, Olga Petrova and Lillian Walker.

* * *

The Affiliated Film Corporation has acquired the financial and managing control of the Mutual Film Corporation.

Announcement was made by H. A. Brink, William J. Clark and H. C. Cornelius, who thus take possession for themselves and for the exhibitors whom they represent of the twenty-nine branch offices of the principal cities of the United States.

Messrs. Clark, Brink and Cornelius are exhibitors in Grand Rapids, Mich., which city is the headquarters of the Affiliated Distributors' Corporation. The Affiliated Distributors' Corporation is operated upon a direct from producer to exhibitor cooperative plan, the distribution being made through five unit corporations exclusively owned and controlled by exhibitors.

James M. Sheldon, president of the Mutual Film Company, will retain his position as chairman of the board of directors and act in an advisory capacity to the Affiliated Company. A. S. Kirkpatrick, assistant general manager, will, as heretofore, maintain supervision and control over all the branches of the Mutual. The present organization of the Mutual will be retained intact.

The officers of the new organization are: President, William J. Clark; vice-president and general manager, H. A. Brink; chairman of the board of directors, James M. Sheldon; secretary, H. C. Cornelius; treasurer, Paul H. Davis; assistant general manager, A. S. Kirkpatrick; auditor, Hugh Davis, and general counsel, Charles C. Pettijohn. In addition, there will be appointed an advisory board of exhibitors from different sections of the country.

The first film to be handled under the new organization will be "Lafayette, We Come."

* * *

The K. W. S. Distributing Company, Inc., of New York City, announces that it is producing a series of films under the title of "Healthograms," each one giving some hygienic advice calculated to benefit humanity.

It is stated that these health hints will be based on information supplied by prominent physicians, but that the health aids are portrayed in pictures which are given rather a humorous turn so that they may amuse as well as give valuable advice.

These Healthograms are to be released as "four-minute reels" in the very near future, according to the K. W. S. Company.

* * *

When Broadway Star Features offer their new releases of O. Henry Stories it will be found that the subjects ready for the exhibitor are well ahead of schedule, as the directors had been gaining at the time production was temporarily suspended at all studios.

Two of the stories that may be expected are "The Ghost of a Chance" and "Buried Treasure," with Agnes Ayres and Edward Earle in the leading rôles, direction by Kenneth Webb.

"America's Answer," the U. S. Official War Picture issued by the Division of Films, of the Committee on Public Information, is not the ordinary press-agented film-play. It is a chapter of the great drama of the war, registered by U. S. Signal Corps photographers, by direction of General John J. Pershing. It is purely a Government enterprise. No individual has any profit interest in the production.

The picture has been made and it is presented for public consideration, not to make money—although it must necessarily produce a revenue in order to meet the expenses involved—but in order to show the millions of contributors to the several Liberty Loans, the purchasers of Thrift and War Stamps, Taxpayers, and those who have so generously given in other ways for the needs of the war, just how the great sums have been expended and what, in a physical way, has been accomplished in France during the first year of America's participation in the struggle for Democracy.

Irene Castle as France, and Effie Shannon as Belgium in the allegorical prologue of the forthcoming war film, "The Common Cause"

Frances Burnham, who plays leads opposite George Walsh

Two little patriots, Charles Stuart and Violet Blackton, children of Commodore and Mrs. Stuart Blackton, film producers

Madaline Traverse, whose work as star in "The Caillaux Case" has been favorably commented upon

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COME ON PAPA

OH! WHAT A TIME FOR THE GIRLIES WHEN THE BOYS COME MARCHING HOME

THE WORST IS YET TO COME

THE TALE THE CHURCH BELL TOLLED

MY BARNEY LIES OVER THE OCEAN

ROCK-A-BYE YOUR BABY WITH A DIXIE MELODY

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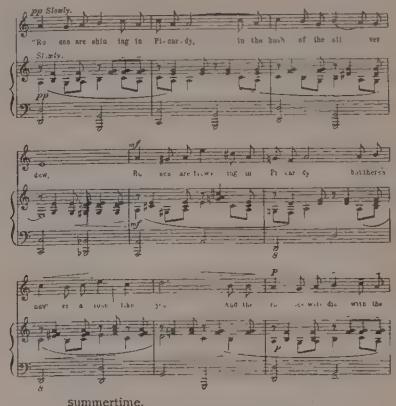

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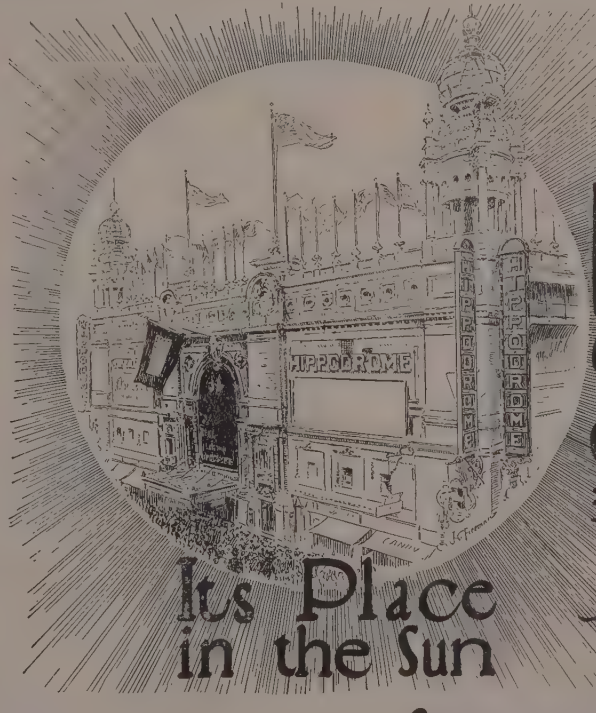

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